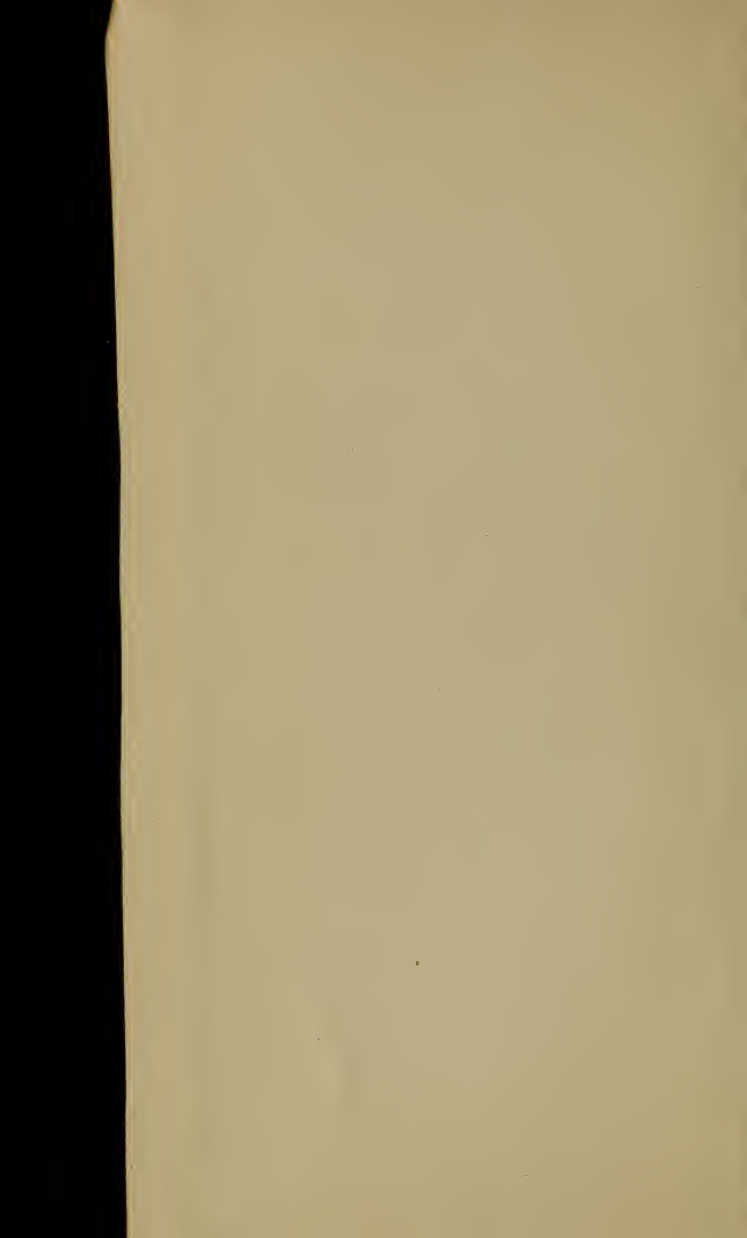




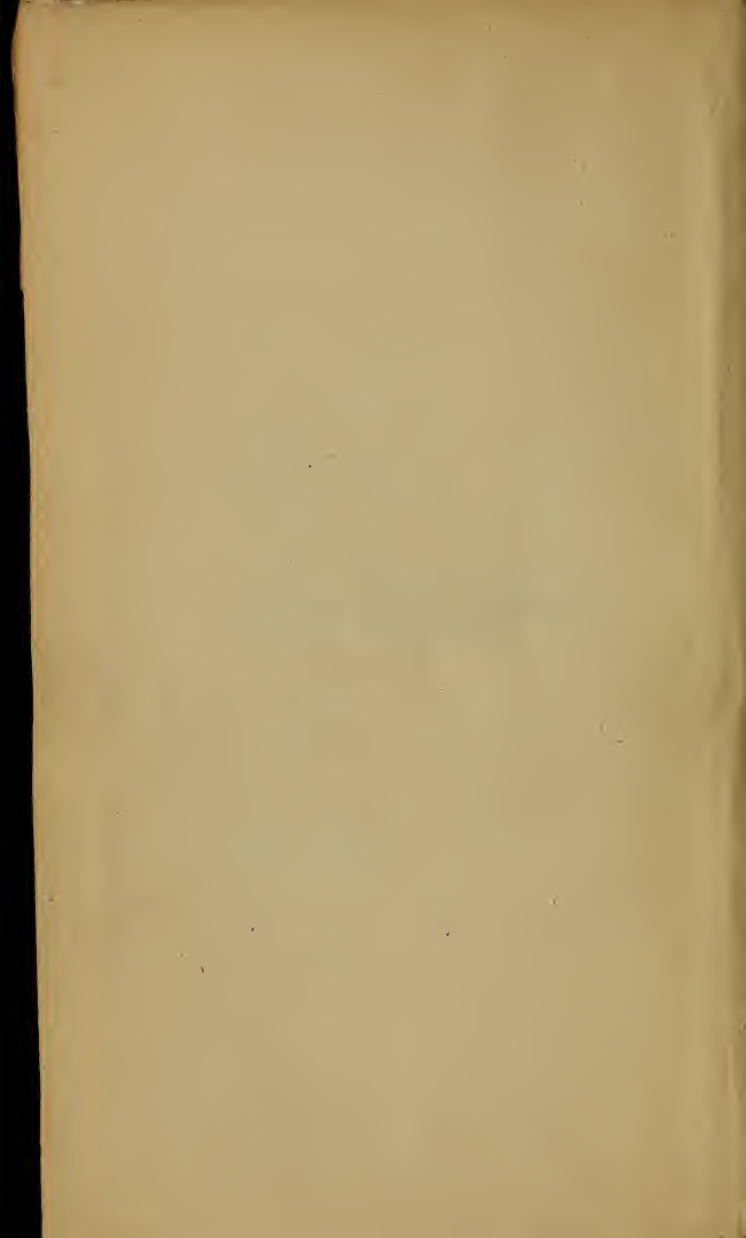
Class DA670

Book S96T9



22

A SAUNTER THROUGH SURREY.



A

SAUNTER THROUGH SURREY.

*auth'd BY
a. thron*
M. C. TURNER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ., BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

"Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages."

CHAUCER.

LONDON:

W. WALKER, 196, STRAND.

1857.

2

5821
'02

WILLIAM
WILLIAM

DA670
.596T9

To the

REV. JENKIN JONES

OF STREATHAM, SURREY

AND THE

REV. JOSIAH WALKER,

VICAR OF WOODDITTON, NEAR NEWMARKET, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, AND FORMERLY OF

THE NEIGHBOURING PARISH OF STETCHWORTH,

THESE

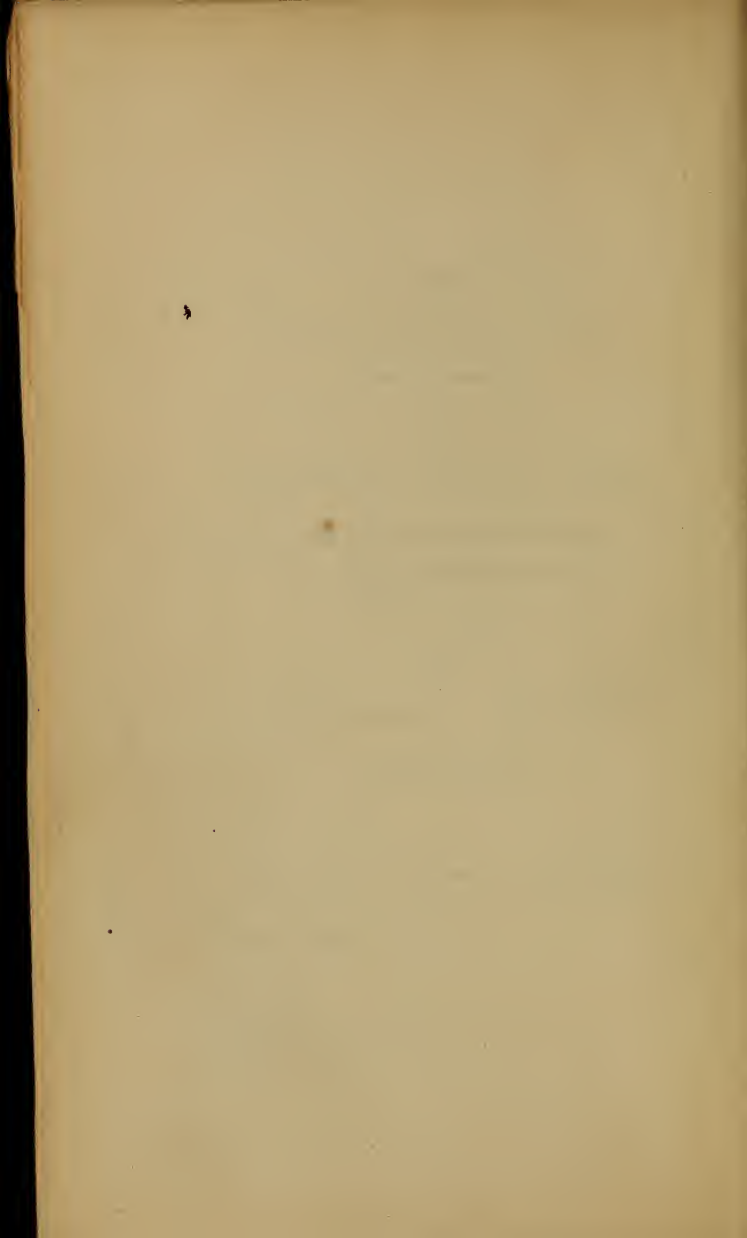
“SURREY MEMORIES”

ARE DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR ONCE GRACELESS PUPIL, AND NOW GRATEFUL FRIEND,

TYE TURNER.



PREFACE.

“I want a *preface*—an uncommon want,”

my publisher insists on one, and the printer's waiting. A preface, I believe, was given to man to disguise his motives. Be that as it may, I beg most unequivocally to state, that my only inducement in publishing these trifling pages, is the hope that their perusal may prevail on others to ramble along our route, and behold for themselves the quiet loveliness which is lying almost at their doors, and,

“Casting to all the liberal air
The dust, and din, and steam of town,”

employ and enjoy a fortnight in the same manner, and with the same satisfaction, as self and friends.

M. C. T.

*Hall Staircase, Inner Temple,
May 13th, 1857.*

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT
 TIME. BY JAMES OSGOOD, ESQ. OF
 THE BUREAU OF THE CENSUS, U. S. DEPT. OF
 COMMERCE. VOL. I. NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT, 15 N. 2ND ST. 1877.

CONTENTS

THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS. 1

THE REVOLUTION. 10
 THE CONSTITUTION. 20
 THE UNION. 30

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY — THE IDEA STARTED — PREPARATIONS — DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—WE START OURSELVES	1
---	---

CHAPTER II.

FROM LONDON TO BOXHILL — EWELL — LEATHERHEAD — “ ELYNOUR RUMMYNGE ” — A SPORTING COMPANION — “ THE HARE AND HOUNDS,” AND “ THE BEEHIVE,” BOXHILL	14
---	----

CHAPTER III.

A COUNTRY BREAKFAST—BOXHILL AND ITS NEIGHBOUR- HOOD—A LITTLE BREEZE—THE DENBIES—A VISIT FROM BENEDICT	27
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

“ THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC ” — “ SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS ” — DORKING—COLD HARBOUR—A WAYSIDE INN—LEITH HILL—HOLMESDALE	40
--	----

CHAPTER V.

OCKLEY—AN EVENING RAMBLE—NED’S “ CERTAIN CURE ” FOR THE CHOLERA—A COUNTRY SHOP—CRANLEY— HASCOMBE—WHITLEY—A RUSTIC CONCERT	5
---	---

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH IS THE WAY?—A WAYSIDE SCHOOL—THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL—HASLEMERE—OUR FIRST SUN- DAY—WHAT NEXT?	70
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

AN "EPISODE"—LIPHOOK—A YOUNG TRAVELLER—BRAM- SHOTT CHURCHYARD—OUR NAG-BOY FRIENDS—A FOP IN THE COUNTRY—A TREELESS FOREST AND AN EMPTY POND—A NEW ACQUAINTANCE—"WHAT'S THAT?" AGAIN—ARRIVAL AT SELBORNE	83
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

SELBORNE—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—THE CHURCH—IN ME- MORIAM—THE HANGER—THE DINNER—"WHICH PART DO YOU PREFER?"—WHITE'S HOUSE AND GROUNDS— THE PRIORY.....	110
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

A SEVERE LOSS—"A NICHT WI' TARVAR"—THE HANGER —EXIT TARVAR—THE PLEYSTOW—CRISIS OF NED'S WHITE FEVER—THE DEPARTURE	130
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

NED'S PROPHECY—"MY UNCLE'S" FIRST DISCOMFITURE —A SWINDLING CHEMIST—TYE'S DISCOMFITURE— MR. BANG IN HIS ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "THE ENGLISHMAN"—NED CAUGHT TRIPPING—BENTLEY— "MY UNCLE'S" SECOND DISCOMFITURE—"MY UNCLE'S" THIRD DISCOMFITURE—REMARKS ON OUR ROUTE—NED'S GREAT DISCOMFITURE	147
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

FARNHAM CHURCH — AN AWFUL ANNOUNCEMENT — THE BIRTHPLACE OF COBBETT — THE HOG'S BACK — COB- BETT'S EDUCATION PLACE — THE PREVAILING EPI- DEMIC — A POLITICAL CELEBRITY, AND A HEARTY WELCOME — GUILDFORD — ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL	168
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

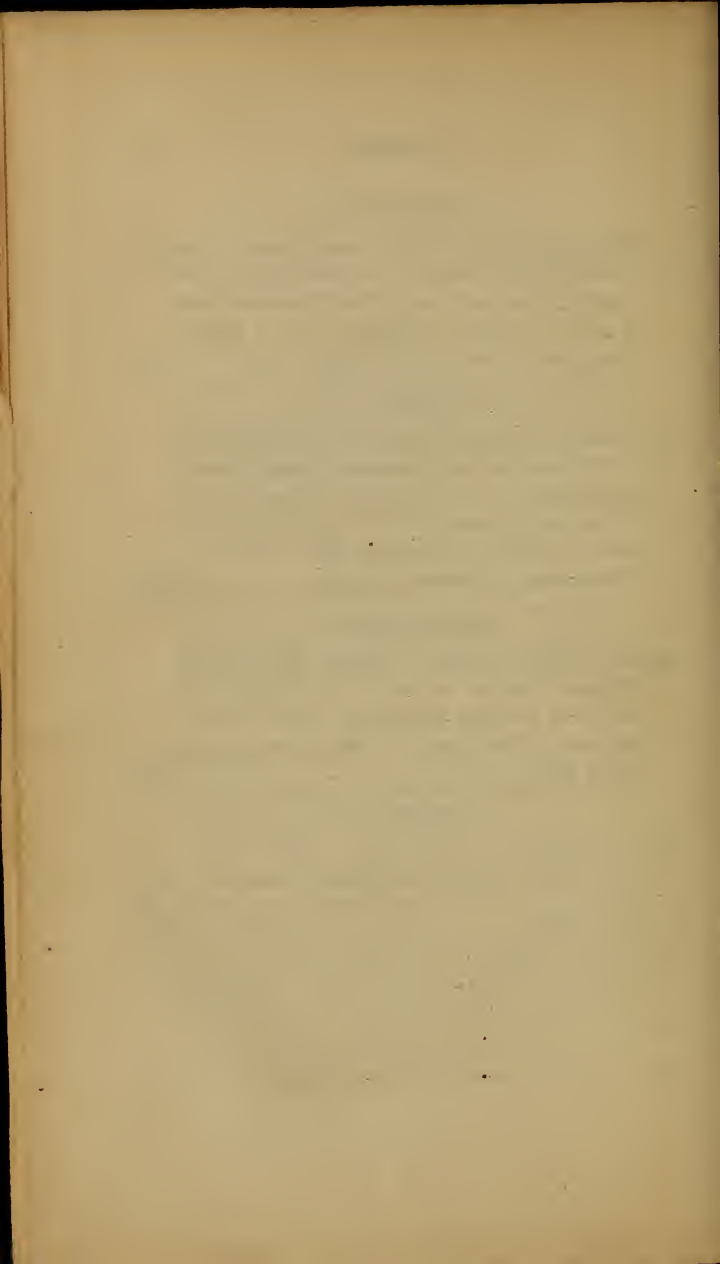
MR. OASTLER'S TRIAL FOR LIBEL — ST. CATHERINE'S HILL — NED LOSES A BET — LOWESLEY PARK — COBBETT'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ROAD FROM GODALMING TO GUILDFORD — GODALMING — THE CRICKET FIELD — COB- BETT'S ACCOUNT OF GUILDFORD — FARE THEE WELL, "OLD KING" — COBBETT AND OASTLER	185
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

ALBURY — SHIERE — WOTTON — DORKING AGAIN — GREAT BOOKHAM AND ITS CHURCH — "THE SARACEN AND RING" — A TERRIBLE NIGHT — THE VILLAGE MAID — EPITAPHS — "THE BEAR" AT ESHER — ONE OF THE SWELL MOB	200
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR LAST EVENING — "MY UNCLE'S" OBSERVATIONS — NED'S GRAND SPEECH — TYE'S ADDRESS — FAREWELL ...	220
SONNET BY NED	235
TOPOGRAPHICAL INDEX	236



A SAUNTER THROUGH SURREY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY—THE IDEA STARTED—PREPARATIONS—DRAMATIS
PERSONÆ—WE START OURSELVES.

THE late eminent and erudite Judge Talfourd was wont, under the title of "Vacation Rambles," to favour an admiring world with pleasant sketches of sunny lands, whither he had wandered during the happy "Long," the beautiful scenery he had passed through, the varied incidents on his route, the peculiarities and idiosyncracies of his fellow-travellers; and last—though very far from least—the component excellencies of his daily dinner. It is my intention, following his bright example—though, be it said in all modesty, at an immeasurable distance—to chronicle, while they are yet vivid and green in my mind, some "sunny memories" of a

pleasant ramble last vacation, through the lovely villages and over the famous hills of sylvan Surrey.

I purpose to present an account of the little pedestrian experiences of, as Cardinal Wolsey would have said, "myself and a couple of friends." I shall trace the course of our wanderings, from their unpromising commencement at the Golden Cross, to their successful termination at Waterloo Bridge. I shall relate how we equipped ourselves for the journey, and were prepared for any emergency that might occur; how we were received in the different localities we honoured with our flying presence, and how we fared by the way; how the weather conducted itself; how the crops and country appeared; how, in general, we greatly enjoyed ourselves; and how, in particular, we had, as is the custom of pedestrians, a mighty quarrel, which, though patched up, left its shadow on the remainder of our career. "All this," and "much more of a similar tendency," I "solemnly pledge myself" to produce; and trust I shall afford some amusement, not unblended with instruction, to such of my readers as may be enabled

to withdraw their thoughts for a time from "the storm in the teapot," and give their undivided attention to our peaceful progress through country lanes and hamlets.

It was one day towards the end of July, that, sitting with my friend Seward, discussing our usual meridional biscuit, on a bench in the Inner Temple Gardens—Faraday hadn't, at that date, left his card on Old Father Thames, and there were no extraordinary sanitary reasons for avoiding that favourite rendezvous of idle students and pretty nursemaids—we had some earnest conversation about holiday-making. It was a necessity apparent to the weakest intellect, that, after our superhuman exertions in our respective departments for the previous ten months, like Longfellow's barrister :—

" Through long days of watching,
And nights devoid of ease,"

some relaxation was a *sine quâ non*—a mouthful of fresh air for corporeal invigoration and preparation for the winter campaign, and a change of scene, and variety in pursuits, to give relief and an impetus to

the mind—*that* we are quite agreed on. We were also agreed that a certain middle-aged bachelor, whom I will call Mr. Bang, of a knowing exterior, and a shrewd intellect, an old sporting man, and a red-hot Protestant churchman—in a word, my friend's "Uncle"—should accompany us. But a most important matter, and upon which we couldn't agree at all, was the "venue" where our holiday was to be laid; and, after many suggestions, and as many rejections, we at length determined to drop into tea with "My Uncle" that evening at Islington, and have his opinion and casting vote. Accordingly, when our day's labour was over—which means when we had been sitting in chambers till five o'clock, listening anxiously for the footfall of some enlightened attorney, who would persist in coming not, and leaving us to the cheering society of our beating hearts, and "Fearne on Remainders"—we turned our steps to Oakhill Cottage, and arrived there at the identical moment that the worthy gentleman was settling himself to the discussion of his evening meal. Before him lay a

mutton chop ; beside him the current number of the "Bulwark." He had just been perusing the latter ; and was pitching into the former with as much zest as if it had been Cardinal Wiseman himself ! He was rejoiced to see us. He would have up some more chops, and eggs, and muffins ; and then he thought, with the aid of cake, brown bread, and a good cup of coffee, we should make a tolerable "tea." Justice having been cheerfully rendered to this magnificent spread, having discussed the prospects of the war, the harvest, the weather, and the Great Protestant Cause, we ranged ourselves round the table, and, under the genial influence of some hot brandy-and-water, proceeded to the consideration of the question that was, *pro tem.*, more momentous than any of them.

I must premise that two important considerations—time and money—put a veto on an unlimited tour. We had *not* "all the world before us where to choose." Seward and I had fixed that later in the autumn we would foot it to "Farthest Cornwall's Rocky Shore," which would necessitate a pretty

considerable draw on an exchequer by no means overflowing at any time. A trip to Paris, an expedition to the "Monarch of Mountains," a tour in the Highlands or "up the Rhine," were therefore no sooner proposed than negatived, as involving not only too great expenditure in themselves, but likewise irresistible temptations to outlay beyond the legitimate cost of travel; but at the same time, the whole of golden August could not be spent in the deserted Temple, perambulating the glaring pavements of Pall-mall and Regent-street, or screwing the utmost out of the Crystal Palace Company by the daily presentation of our season tickets: "something must be done." At last, after much discussion, and when the meeting was at the point of separating without having come to any arrangement, an idea occurred to friend Ned, which was one so naturally to be expected from him, that we were amused at its arrival so late in the day. Ned is an enthusiastic lover of the country, "'a babbles of green fields," in season and out of season on his Sunday excursions; and during the perusal of the

stiffest abstract, he is always referring to a deeply-seated anticipation of the time when he

“——the fields and meadows green may view,
And *daily* by fresh rivers roam at will.”

In other words, hinting at that “snug box” in some agricultural country, which, at the commencement of business, human nature generally fixes on as the result of a laborious and profitable career—the consummation most devoutly to be wished—the goal most determinedly and perseveringly to be attained. Well, the idea which, better late than never, struck our bucolic friend, and was no sooner promulgated than acquiesced in, was the exploring that usually neglected locality, the country immediately around us ; and that, getting a few necessities together, we should, each with “a knapsack and a cheerful heart,” sally forth on the 15th of August, and wander about for a good fortnight o’er the hills and dales of Surrey, managing so that we might penetrate as far as Selbourne, in Hampshire, where he might perform a long-vowed pilgrimage to the tomb of Gilbert White. This suggestion being

carried, as I have said, *nem. con.*, and a few preliminaries arranged as to what should be the maximum of our contributions, what we should take with us, and an equalisation of the responsibilities attached to a successful performance of our expedition, the meeting was immediately broken up; and it being a lovely night, Ned and I buttoned our coats, and to make amends for our confinement all day in the Temple, walked home to Norwood, Ned eloquent on the charms of rural scenery, and prolific in quotations from the old poets on the felicities of a country existence.

Our leisure in the interval between the adoption of the plan and the starting day (an earlier than the 15th could not be fixed, as on the morning of that day Ned had to officiate at the wedding of a cousin—of whom more anon), was employed in making preparations on a most condensed scale—the *multum in parvo* principle; but we heard nothing of the proceedings of Mr. Bang, save some indistinct rumours respecting an umbrella and a mammoth portmanteau. It was settled that Ned should be

our Chancellor of the Exchequer, holder of the ordnance map, and arbitrator of our route ; "My Uncle," the superintendent of the commissariat department (the duties of which arduous post I may take this opportunity of stating he performed in a highly satisfactory manner) ; whilst myself should be installed in the high dignity of keeper of the journal, with a view to our future immortalisation in the literature of our country. Ned read away indefatigably every evening at "White's Selbourne," and "Rambles by Rivers," and I, with equal zeal, made myself master of those portions of "Camden's Britannia," and "Lewis's Topography," which bore on the localities we were bound to.

And so, with our knapsacks well stocked with corporeal necessities, and our minds well up in the history and antiquities of the county, we all met on the afternoon of Tuesday, August the 15th, at the Golden Cross coach-office in the Strand. And this may be a good point to introduce my travelling companions and self to the reader in a regular way. To commence with Mr. Bang, as the senior : he is

in his personal appearance something like the Marquis of Granby—I mean the present one, not him of signboard notoriety—only not quite so tall, and stouter; he is of a dark complexion, nose slightly aquiline, and sports a pair of thick, ferocious-looking, black whiskers, reaching to the chin, with the fag end of a moustache at the corners of his mouth; he has likewise—but in this he differs from the Marquis—a great impediment in his speech, but which somehow doesn't prevent his being always talking. His conversation, by the way (consisting chiefly of anti-popery tirades and sporting reminiscences), is plentifully interlarded with sentiments and truisms, and may be described generally as “epigrammatic.” Lastly, he has four great hobbies, one or all of them as safe to turn up in any given period as the “umbrella” itself: he thinks no view of any description perfect in which “water” is not the most conspicuous element; he abominates “men-waiters;” he hates the Pope as he hates the devil; and, above all, he prides himself on his privileges and duties as an Englishman.

We found him equipped in a black shooting-coat, brown trowsers, a blue cravat, and a white hat with a black band. The story of the portmanteau turned out a gross libel; he had a small black leather bag, and the umbrella—he was never known to go a yard without his umbrella; he had also a heavy blue cloth cape, which he purposed sending on in fine weather to the next stage, by such sturdy, trustworthy chawbacon as our host for the time being might conscientiously recommend; he was in the highest spirits, and professed himself equal to anything.

“Ned” is outwardly a very rough diamond indeed: though in character one of the most amiable and kind-hearted of beings, at the same time he is obstinate and self-willed to a degree. His rural inclinations I have already referred to. He was attired in a venerable gray shooting-coat, check trowsers, and a wide-awake, which have served him regularly every autumn since 1848, when he had first adopted them as his “holiday costume,” they being at that date *a little too shabby*

for ordinary wear, having seen three years' life in the office. Should the reader thence infer that he's "a bit of a screw," I will not argue the point; for, inasmuch as he was our purseholder, there will be ample opportunity of deciding the question for himself before we have gone many miles on our way. His coat, his breeches, and his hair were all cut very short; but he was as happy as a prince, strapped on a drab knapsack, and promised himself a stick from the first hedge we came to. As for myself, modesty forbids that I speak in detail. I naturally don't consider myself as remarkably plain in appearance or eccentric in manner; and though popularly regarded as having very long hair, and a very hot temper, as being somewhat "cracked" in the upper regions, and holding singular and original opinions on everything and everybody, I always have and will set an indignant protest against so very partial a description. On the present occasion I made my appearance in what Ned was pleased to call a "gorgeous array;" it consisted of a pair of gray trowsers, a blue coat and vest, a bit of lilac

riband round my neck, and a blue flannel cap sat rather jauntily, may be, on one side of my head. My knapsack was of a shiny black material bound with narrow red edges, which, although it looked a very flimsy affair (as, according to Ned, its owner did too), has yet stood good service, having been nearly all over England, and is as good as new now. I had a stick which has accompanied the knapsack on its travels, and a pair of laced boots, most uncommonly thick, and extraordinarily uncomfortable, but which I had been informed on high authority were the "correct thing" for pedestrians. Such, so equipped, and so provided—I should not omit to state that Ned was the holder of £15 on a joint account, and that we each had a guinea in our pockets for "extras" and "et ceteras"—were we travellers three, and we were waiting at the Golden Cross for the arrival of the Leatherhead omnibus, preferring by that means to escape as quickly as we could from Cockney suburbs, and get at once to the open country.

CHAPTER II.

FROM LONDON TO BOXHILL—EWELL—LEATHERHEAD—"ELY-
NOUR RUMMYNGE"—A SPORTING COMPANION—"THE HARE
AND HOUNDS," AND "THE BEEHIVE," BOXHILL.

It stands upon record in "The Journal" that the weather which, the whole of that morning, and indeed for some days previously, had been all that could be desired, began about three to give unequivocal symptoms of a change; the pleasant breeze grew too boisterous to be pleasant, and lowering clouds rolled blackly o'er our heads. Said Ned, "So foul a sky clears not without a storm," and having no protection against the elements, having purposely left our waterproofs behind, as only incumbrances in fine weather, and even when wet but doubtful boons to a pedestrian from their non-ventilating qualities, we began to have uncomfortable forebodings as to our condition when deposited at Leatherhead, and envious feelings towards "My Uncle," *apropos* of his heavy cape. Friend Ned is

a cautious youth, and never makes a prophecy or a bet till he's pretty sure of the event, and the present was no exception to his general correctness, and "Ifs" and "Buts," and hopes and fears, were effectually silenced at the moment of our mounting the 'bus by a most unmistakable storm, which, under the circumstances, would have been a regular damper, had we not succeeded in obtaining from coachee a very gorgeous and capacious rug, under whose ample folds we bid defiance to its fury, and after an intermittent course of sunshine and heavy showers, emerged therefrom at our destination dry as corks, and anything but "victims of a misplaced confidence."

Our road lay through Lambeth, Clapham, Ewell, and Epsom to Leatherhead; a very pretty tract of country, when you have got beyond the suburbs, but which the pelting rain in our faces prevented our properly appreciating. Mr. Bang disappeared from the scene at an early period beneath the collar of his cape, from which strong ejaculations were frequently audible, the burden of which was that he

wasn't quite so young as he had been—that he hadn't expected this sort of thing—that he wasn't altogether sure he didn't regret having embarked on the cruise—and that if matters didn't improve he should return to Islington the next day. For myself, I was partially of his opinion, for Ned persisted in folding the rug in “the correct manner,” and as a consequence, I was far from jovially inclined till we got to Ewell (or Yool, as it is pronounced), where we changed horses; and where I descended for the purpose of investing in a refresher, and on remounting managed a more equitable adjustment. While going along the Clapham-road, I contrived, at great bodily inconvenience, to catch a glimpse of a couple of pretty cousins domiciled in that neighbourhood; and when passing the well-known school—Mr. Jones'—where I had spent five of the happy years gone by, I gave the blue cap a frantic whirl, and doubtless impressed my successors at that excellent seminary, with an idea that I was a gentleman either not particularly strong in the head, or who had been imbibing an undue quantity of something

too strong for it; with these two exceptions, I did not obtrude on public notice. But as on our arrival at Ewell, the sun came out, and everything looked delightfully fresh after the rain, we caught the infection, and became all at once remarkably cheerful and communicative; not but what Ned had been thoroughly enjoying himself all along—wet or dry, sunshine or storm, is all one to him, provided he is in the country “Tasting the sweets the season brings,” free to roam at his pleasure, and with no prospect of a speedy return to the city—and he had been at pains to inform me at intervals that he considered it, as far as we had gone, “a great success”—that “There was a pleasure in this did I know”—that it was, in fact, “superb,” “charming,” and all the rest of it. Here he dismounted, poked about the yard, peeped over the fences, and had an animated conversation with a small “Nag-boy.” He declined having a glass, and laid down the law most rigorously, that all such creature comforts, independent of regular meals, were to be “extras” (he himself never drinking anything stronger than

“Adam’s ale”), and defrayed out of our private means. “My Uncle” likewise emerged from the heavy cape, and got down to stretch his legs, ogle the barmaid, and criticise the team. Having resumed our seats we (that is Mr. Bang and myself, for Ned has no eye for any beauty but the inanimate) observed a very merry party in the long room of the inn, consisting of a jovial old gentleman and five or six young ladies, who, without any flattery I may say, were extremely pretty; and as we drove off, and were persuaded of the inability of the old party to pursue us, we kissed our hands and waved the blue cap most gallantly, and were rewarded as we turned a corner in the road by the blissful sight of half a dozen handkerchiefs fluttering against the window panes.

Nothing of moment occurred during the remainder of our drive. We passed the town of Epsom, which presented rather an unfavourable contrast to its appearance (Ned *dissentiente*) when we were last there—on the Derby day; and if anything, looked, for that reason, perhaps a trifle slower, duller, and more uninteresting than the

generality of country towns ; and somewhere about seven p.m. pulled up at the chief inn at Leatherhead. Leatherhead is a quiet town, long, dreamy, and irregular, with a fine *old* church (it was *partially* rebuilt in 1346), with a lofty, massive tower. Hard by the bridge is a public-house, either the same building as, or a restoration of, a famous tavern in days gone by. And Ned, who is a great antiquarian, and learned and voluble in the unpronounceable poetry of the period, vouchsafed us the information that when the Court of Henry VIII. was frequently kept at the Palace of Nonesuch, some six miles off, the then poet laureate, Skelton, with other courtiers, oftentimes came to Leatherhead for the amusement of fishing in the river Mole, and were made welcome at the Cabaret of "Elynour Rummynge." He then went off glibly for about ten minutes with a very rummy rigmarole of the aforesaid Skelton, descriptive of the said "Elynour," "at home in her wonnynge" :—

" In a certain stede
Byside Lederhede,"

Where she brewed “nopy ale,”

“ And all good ale drynkers
That wyll nothyng spare,
But drynke till they stare,
And brynge themselves bare,”

Were for ever

“ With all thyr myght runnyng
To Elynour Rummyng
To have of her tonnyng.”

But I fear me, when he left off, as he did finally, to our great surprise, from want of breath, we had no very clear idea of “the comely dame.” He was anxious I should transfer the laureate’s effusion entire to my journal; but Mr. Bang, expressing a hope that “difference of opinion might never alter friendship,” entreated that I wouldn’t, and so I declined, with many thanks; and the reader can have no conception of what my persistency has spared him.

The rain had by this time given over, and it was a beautiful evening; all things rejoiced beneath the setting sun—

“ The weeds,
The river, and the corn fields, and the reeds;
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees; ”

and so giving poachee an extra remembrance for his timely loan of the rug, and buckling on our knapsacks, we commenced our tour in Surrey by starting for "The Beehive," at Boxhill, distant four miles, accompanied by a fellow-traveller by the 'bus, who was bound for Dorking, a mile further. His name we did not learn ; it might have been Sponge, was possibly Nimrod, but more probably Brown. He was a gentleman of a sporting turn of mind, and initiated us into the hunting, shooting, and sporting miscellany generally of the county. He was just the sort for Mr. Bang, and completely restored the serenity of our worthy relative's spirits ; and the stories they vied with each other in recounting of famous cross-country feats, desperate runs, and hazardous leaps, were almost as good as a leaf from "Mr. Jorrock's Hunt." In the course of conversation it transpired that he was "in Barclay's Brewery ;" and we obtained the important information that the beer usually consumed in Surrey was very yeasty and new—rarely more than four days old, and, as a rule, brewed on the premises, a copious imbibing of

which is followed, as a natural consequence of the preponderating presence of yeast, by a decided inflation or puffing out of the stomach, "which," parenthetically remarked Mr. Bang, "which, sir, I rather prefer." He also informed us of the *intensely interesting* fact (this for my fair readers), that on the occasion of the visit of Jenny Lind to his principal's establishment he had himself conducted her round it, and having offered her a pint of extra strong—in fact, their very strongest "stout"—the *Nightingale* accepted it, tossed it off like any drayman, followed up the feat by a *jug-jug* for more, and actually accomplished another half-pint!

Arrived at "The Beehive," which we reached about eight, we parted from our amusing *confrère*, and forthwith composed ourselves to a "heavy tea." Ned had written to our host previously, engaging beds for this the first night, fearing that "My Uncle" would become unmanageable were there no room; and after poking about the precincts of the inn, getting up the geography of our respective apartments, and tracing on the ordnance map

our course during the day's journey, and settling that of the morrow, we betook ourselves to rest.

Our first night passed extremely well ; the rooms were comfortable, and the beds capital. For the first time in my experience, I found my knapsack was minus no indispensable article. There was great comfort in that discovery ; for, being very particular, there are countless little odds and ends I wouldn't go a mile without ; and though their presence was a source of great amusement to Ned and " My Uncle," their absence would have been no joke to myself. The cholera happened to be very bad in my neighbourhood ; and as I conceived the possibility of its paying me a visit, and had no great faith in the pharmacopœia of village chemists, I was prepared accordingly ; and not for that malady only, but for divers other ills that flesh, especially travelling flesh, is heir to. I had, *inter alia*, a small phial of quinine, ditto of hartshorn and oil, two ditto of spirits of camphor, a packet of gum, and a small box of elder ointment ; and altogether felt tolerably secure. Ned—the sarcastic

dog!—likened my knapsack to the conjuror's inexhaustible bottle; and Mr. Bang was certain, and requested me to "mark his words," that they would have to bury me before we reached Selbourne.

The next morning Ned and I rose, as we determined to do regularly, at six, and sallied forth to "court the fresh air, explore the heaths and woods," and gain an appetite for breakfast. "My Uncle" had announced his intention over night of being down at nine, and had ordered breakfast for that hour. "He wasn't so young as he had been;" and required longer rest than we youngsters. Moreover, he "never could sleep a wink" out of his own bed; and when on an expedition to Chamounix last summer with a party of friends, and when he was away from home six weeks, "he hadn't known what it was to shut his eyes." We, therefore, had fears of his being very grumpy when he came down, and that he would be firmer than ever in another of his determinations, of only walking five miles a day; and so we thought we'd have a good run while we were about it. It was a beautiful morn-

ing ; and we made our way to the summit of Box-hill, ascending by a narrow pathway in the rear of "the Hare and Hounds." We had a delightful ramble, though the top was rather misty ; and decided on going up again later in the day with "My Uncle," provided he felt himself equal to it. This "Hare and Hounds" is a superior inn to the "Beehive," charmingly situate at the foot of the hill, with a very pretty garden, and numerous grottos and arbours. It is a favourite resort of picnic parties, and a well-known house altogether ; and under ordinary circumstances we should have gone there, but as they were extraordinary, we didn't : and I must say we were extremely comfortable, and had no desire to change. But the inn is more generally known by its *soubriquet* of "The Honeymoon Inn ;" and at that very moment it held beneath its hymeneal roof Ned's cousin, Mr. Deeds, and his newly married wife ; and it was from having had a timely notice of their destination that we had written to secure apartments at "The Beehive." Of course, under the circum-

stances of the case, we avoided coming in contact with them. For my own part, on such an occasion, I should not prefer putting up at a professed house of entertainment for the newly-wedded ; should have gone in quite another direction ; should have —— ; but as I am *not* married, and though many a maid “ smiles sweetly on me,” still having my doubts whether their intentions are honourable, I will not enter into any anticipatory speculations as to my proceedings on so hypothetical a contingency. Nearing the inn on our return, we observed standing in the middle of the road, with his legs wide apart, his hat over his eyes, and busily engaged in paring his nails, the unmistakable figure of “ My Uncle ;” and every morning, wherever we might be located, in a village or a town, was the worthy gentleman visible, in the middle of the thoroughfare, in the same attitude, engaged in the same pursuit ! To our surprise, he was in the best of spirits ; he hadn’t had “ much sleep to speak of, certainly,” but there was no help for that then ; he welcomed us warmly, and hurried us at once to the breakfast table.

CHAPTER III.

A COUNTRY BREAKFAST—BOXHILL AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD—
A LITTLE BREEZE — THE DENBIES — A VISIT FROM
BENEDICT.

“COME, sir, come,” cried “My Uncle,” when, having given, as I conceived, sufficient proof that my response to “the breezy call of incense-breathing morn” had by no means impaired my appetite, I was somewhat relaxing from the vigour of my pristine exertions—“Come, sir, come; you don’t eat. Have an egg—have another slice of bacon—have a——why, what’s the good of going up Boxhill before breakfast, if you can’t do better than this? Come, sir, come; I suspect there’s a woman in the case—how’s the girl you left behind you? Come, sir, come—after you!”

“My dear sir,” I replied, “you’re extremely kind, and your anxiety for my appetite does you infinite credit; but a man with his belly full is no great eater, and the voice of Nature is uttering a decided protest against your importunities; that

good lady, speaking with an emphasis peculiarly her own, says, 'Hold, enough!' and, in obeying her behests, I opine I shall act for the best."

"Well, if you won't eat, you must take the consequences; and mark my words—we shall have to bury you before we reach Selbourne. Now there's Ned there," continued Mr. Bang, with an amount of stuttering that was highly impressive, but which, for economical reasons, I refrain from reproducing, as the whole of the compositor's r's would barely suffice for half a dozen lines, and so render the setting up of the chapter a rather expensive process, to say nothing of the consumption of so much valuable space—"there's Ned there, as lively as he was half an hour ago. Ned, my boy, have an egg. Come, sir, come;" and Ned, nothing loth, took the egg; and then, as the meal was avowedly finished, on the principle on which he invariably acted, that as he paid "so much" for breakfast he'd "have his money's worth," deliberately poured the remainder of the cream into his cup, making sure of the last drop, by rinsing out

the mug with a spoonful of milk; though, to do him justice, I must add that he did *not* avail himself of my suggestion of making doubly sure by *wringing the neck of it!*

But the truth is that on this, as on all other occasions, we were all much of a muchness; our appetites seemed to increase by what they fed on; and the quantity of good things we managed to stow away, in sympathy with "My Uncle's" sentiment, "As we travel through life, may we live well on the road," was incredible. Of a verity, a breakfast in a wayside country inn is the paragon of meals: there is such an indescribable charm about the commonest viands, that one eats a great deal more than usual, and feels one could, were it not for appearances, go even further, and be none the worse for it. If I may parody the celebrated peroration of a "great statesman" (save the mark!) he may there eat his home-baked loaf, delicious in itself, and enhanced by the concomitancy of fresh butter and genuine milk, and find them the sweeter because no longer leavened by a sense of

“adulteration.” Then there is the snow-white table-cloth, and the cups and saucers of various patterns, and unwonted shapes—the picturesque apartment, with its homely contrivances, and cheap “chimbly” ornaments, and the highly-coloured prints in gaudy little frames dotted over it, representing perilous positions of adventurous sportsmen, exciting scenes from Holy Writ, and perhaps a warranted likeness by Brown of “Nancy,” the largest cow in England, the property of Mr. Smith, bred by Mr. Jones, “both of this county”—the obliging attendant, generally a rosy little girl just big enough to hold the tray—and the lovely home view from the pleasant open casement!

But all good things have an end, and breakfast among them; and Ned then producing his ordnance map, we began to reconsider our course for the day. After some little discussion, and ordering dinner at two, we sallied forth for a ramble, and first having ascertained that Mr. Deeds and his “sweet sweet-ing” had gone for a drive, we conducted Mr. Bang to the Honeymoon Inn, and initiated him in its

hymeneal mysteries. Then we walked up West-humble Lane, a quiet secluded by-way, with lofty hedges on either side, and here and there a gnarled oak and wide spreading elm, and green mossy banks glittering and redolent with innumerable wild flowers, leading us at length to Norbury Park, Mickleham, formerly the seat of Mr. Locke, the friend of Fuseli, but now the property of Mr. Gris-sell, the eminent railway contractor, and, as the guide-books say, "one of the most elegant seats in the county." The house is a good substantial mansion, the view is rich and extensive, and the grounds are spacious and well wooded, containing some fine beeches, the most "lovely of all forest trees," as Gilbert White calls them, and a noble group of old yews, known as the "Druid's Grove." (I remember reading a description of the place by a "recent tourist," in which that gentleman is, it is to be supposed, through some "error of the press," made to exhaust his rapture and eloquence on "the noble group of old *ewes*!") The vale of Mickleham, whose quiet loveliness we hence survey, is styled by many

“the Garden of Surrey,” and Sir James Mackintosh designated it “the Happy Valley.” Perhaps, after quoting that eminent authority, it will be a matter of secondary interest what Messrs. Bang and Co. thought of it ; but, nevertheless, I give their spontaneous and truly original remarks. “My Uncle” thought it was a “d—d—d—de—light—ful—sp—sp—spot—a—de—light—f—ful—sp—spot—in—deed—sir,” but regretted the absence of “water.” Ned averred “it was, without exception, one of the most lovely spots he had ever set eyes on,” and casting off his knapsack, flung himself down on his back, and gazed unflinchingly at the sun for a quarter of an hour, without saying a word—a peculiar way he has of enjoying any view particularly “superb ;” and my own opinion was that it was very beautiful certainly, but wanting in the chief charm of rural scenery—“ex—xactly—sir—ex—xactly—you mean—*water*—no place perfect without it—you’re quite right, sir—give me your hand, sir—come, sir, come.”

I agreed with Mr. Bang that a sheet of water

might have materially added to the prospect, but yet that was not the peculiar charm I missed. "In fact," says I, "a pretty country girl, with a basket on her arm, getting over the stile there——"

"What!" shouts Ned, starting up, and bursting forth with indignant eloquence at the outrage on his purely rural feelings—"What! is *that* all you've left Norwood to see? Has woman's beauty a stronger spell o'er thee than the green landscape?—then why did you come so far from Regent-street? If your eyes are with your heart, and that is far away, why did you ever leave the neighbourhood of Stockwell, or relinquish the pursuit of the fair one to Dorsetshire! To think I should have come to these pure and lovely scenes in such companionship! Thank God every one is not a gay Lothario! You may love a petticoat, while to me the quiet simple joys of the country are the greatest delight. I believe you might pass through the sublimest scenery in the world, and if a pretty girl didn't cross your path, you would think your time and labour thrown away. 'I hate the man,' as old

Sterne says, 'I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say (as you would say) 'tis all barren.' "

Says I, utterly unimpressed by and ignoring this eloquent harangue, and with a levity and *nonchalance* as reprehensible as uncalled for—

“Cherry-cheeked Patty she lived in the vale,
Whom I helped o’er the stile with the milking pail,
And she blushed as I made her promise and vow,
Next Sunday to meet at the Barleymow.”

“Come, sirs, come,” here interposed Mr. Bang, “we mustn’t have a breeze at this early stage of our proceedings—come, sirs, come—may the blossoms of friendship never be nipped by the frost of dissension, and as for ‘Patty,’ may that unsuspecting female never be deceived by the guile of deception—come, sirs, come!” and calling Ned’s attention to the fine old church just visible amid the trees, with its large square tower, surmounted by a small peak, like the boss of an ancient shield, and massive double buttresses at the corners, and a charming prospect of the rising slopes of Norbury Park, his recollection

of my *mal-à-propos* suggestion was soon lost in his interest in the ancient edifice. Eventually he made a sketch of it; and, presenting it to me, our reconciliation was complete—"My Uncle" expressing his sincerest hope that "the bark of friendship might never again founder!"

Not far hence is "The Denbies," an estate belonging to Mr. Cubitt, the builder, where, on a commanding situation, a palace was being erected, it is believed for the royal children, Prince Albert being frequently down there inspecting operations, planting trees, and exhibiting generally his interest in its progress. Through the vale, by fits and starts, the eccentric "Mole"—a river which entirely disappears from the scene here and there, without any assignable reason, and presently starts up again with as little—"forces open a passage underground," as old Camden quaintly has it, "as it were some *mole*," and hence its name. This river has been almost "done to death" by the poets, which is one of the reasons, I believe, why so little of it remains; it has had almost every adjective in the language

applied to it, which is why I drop the subject, there being, in fact, nothing original to say. Presently, on our return, we lighted upon "Cowslip Cottage," where report has it that Madame D'Arblay (Miss Burney) wrote several of her popular novels, but "Camelia Cottage," where she was in the habit of staying, is in Westhumble. Arrived again at "The Beehive," we made a hearty dinner on lamb, peas, and potatoes, and an undeniable plum-pudding, after which "My Uncle" spread his bandanna over his face, and snored lustily for half an hour. Then we all ascended Boxhill; and the mist having cleared off (though it was showery), we had the full benefit of the lovely prospect, where not "half a county bathed in light," but three or four

"Lay stretching out below!"

It is, as may be supposed, partially covered with box trees; but there are also many yew, beach, and juniper trees, with rough seats scattered about beneath their pleasing shade, and it abounds with little verdant spots and agreeable walks. Thence we proceeded, having reached a place called the

Quarry, upon the ridge of the hill that runs towards Mickleham, and unanimously agreed with somebody who says that at that point "the sublime and beautiful unite in forming a truly grand and delightful scene"—our way beguiled with the charming view, and pleasant converse, to the avenue of limes at Betchworth, "a living gallery of aged trees," and saw the ruins of what is popularly called a castle, but was in reality some old mansion house, and so home, about half-past eight, through Brockham Green, an excellent specimen of a thorough English village, and in which we noticed an admirable, aye, wonderful garden in front of the "Royal Oak" Inn, the neatness, beauty, and fragrance of which would certainly have induced us to enter and quaff a glass of the homebrewed, had we not called to mind the warning of our friend of "Barclay's," and with saddened spirits turned away. Here I can't resist a choice extract from an old "Traveller's Guide" without a date, which, speaking of the hill of Brockham, and doubtless having "the castle" in its eye, declares that "on its brow the symmetry of stuccoed

parapets dwindles into unsocial obloquy, when compared with the fertility of the vale beneath!" Respecting "The Denbies," which I have just noticed, this same work contains the following information, which may be new to some of my readers :—" This spot was formerly designed by Mr. Jonathan Tyers as a contrast to the bewitching merriment of Vauxhall, nearer London. At 'Denbies' every object tended to impress the mind with grave contemplation, and instead of captivating glees, airs, and ballads, the monotonous sound of a clock (concealed from view) forcibly proclaimed the rapid flight of time; and in a dismal alcove were seen two large figures of a Christian and an unbeliever, in their last moments, and a statue of Truth trampling on a mask, and pointing to those awful objects. At the termination of a walk, two human skulls addressed the male and female visitants, but on the death of Mr. Tyers, these gloomy figures were no longer permitted to deform an earthly paradise." It was as well, perhaps, for the plain sailing of "the bark of friendship," that a change had come o'er the spirit of the place, for, as Ned is an Unitarian, and conse-

quently an "unbeliever," there is no saying what might have happened face to face with the "awful objects!"

After tea, to which we contrived to do ample justice, notwithstanding our unwonted breakfast and dinner, removing our wet boots, "My Uncle" and I made ourselves comfortable over a glass of Old Tom; and we were gratified by an unexpected visit from Mr. Deeds, who actually on the second evening after marriage came out after tea! "Ah! my dear fellow, how *are* you?—how d'ye do? Just in time—take a seat; come, sir, come; take a glass of brandy-and-water. How's the girl you left behind you? Come, sir, come!" And Mr. Bang went on most mercilessly quizzing the happy man, who took it all in good part, and looked decidedly the better for his hymeneal venture. He did not stop long; and, arranging that Ned should breakfast with them in the morning, betook himself to "The Honeymoon," and the arms of his dearie; Mr. Bang accompanying him to the gate, with the hope he "might have all love could give and sensibility enjoy!"

CHAPTER IV.

“THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC” — “SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!” — DORKING — COLD HARBOUR — A WAYSIDE INN — LEITH HILL — HOLMESDALE.

“AH! my friend, how are you? How d’ye do! Come, sir, come!” exclaimed Mr. Bang, as I made my appearance rather late the next morning at breakfast—alarming symptoms of the “prevailing epidemic,” finally subdued by a persistent recourse to my camphor bottle, in spite of the ridicule of that gentleman and his graceless nephew, having made the greater part of the night a time of confusion and anxiety. “I thought it was all up with you last night; I did, indeed; and so far off Selbourne yet! But I am more than ever certain we shall have to bury you before we get there! Come, sir, come. After you!”

“Well,” says Ned, “I can’t conceive what made you so queer, or what offended deity

‘tot volvere casus

Insignem pietate virum tot adire labores,

Impulerit,’ ”

(he prides himself on his classics), "unless, to be sure, it were Hippocrates, indignant at your perpetual messing with camphor and quinine."

The quotation having been translated by particular request, "My Uncle" begged to suggest that the deity in question must have been "Venus," justly irate at my forgetfulness of "the girl I'd left behind me."

Ned, who seemed to have something very sharp to say, and didn't like the interruption, continued: "When you were roaring out for assistance last night, and 'drugging yourself with all sorts of nostrums, I bethought me how like you were to 'Blaizes,' the grocer's boy, in Ainsworth's romance of 'Old Saint Paul's.' He was for ever doctoring and frightening himself, sniffing away at camphor and the like; and I shouldn't be surprised to know that, like him, you have 'a dried toad suspended round your neck as an amulet of sovereign virtue!'"

"Now, as you have at last vouchsafed me an opportunity of putting in a word," I remarked, "I will first observe, that, in spite of the taunts and jeers of his acquaintance, Blaize weathered the

storm ; and the end of the story leaves him, if I remember right, happily united to ‘ the girl,’ whom, when he was first introduced to us, he had—in the expressive language of Mr. Bang—‘ left behind him ;’ and so, I say, ‘ those may laugh who win.’ In the second place, I would avow my undiminished confidence in camphor, and my conviction that, under Providence, it preserved me ; and if my appearance at present ‘ speaks variety of wretchedness,’ and I am not altogether ‘ the thing,’ I think it may partially be attributed to the extraordinary reception I met with from each of you when in search of assistance.”

“ Well,” said Ned, “ let bygones be bygones. Had the worst come to the worst (as let us be thankful it didn’t), you have the satisfaction of knowing, if your revelations are to be believed, that ‘ the sunshine of love’ *has* ‘ illumined your youth,’ and that ‘ the moonlight of friendship’ *would have* ‘ consoled your decline !’ And so let us dismiss the subject—*ad leviora* is, I believe, a remark of the bard Horace.”

“Hear, hear!” from Mr. Bang. “Hear, hear! Come, sirs, come! My dear fellow, may you live fifty years, and I be a witness of it! Come, sirs, come!”

After breakfast, having settled our little account (“little,” in very truth, though we had been living like fighting cocks, yet so, with rare exceptions, we found it wherever we went), and had “attendance” charged definitely in the bill—an admirable suggestion of Mr. Bang’s, as, by thus placing ourselves in the hands of our host, we put an effectual check at once on extortion and abuse—knapsacks on back, we for the last time sallied forth from “The Beehive, Burford-bridge, by Edward Hendon,” and at the gateway encountered Mr. Deeds and his lady, on their way in an open fly to the station at Reigate, their final destination being Switzerland, *viâ* Boulogne. After a brief salutation, blushes, and confusion, they shot ahead, just as “My Uncle” was hoping “*it wouldn’t inconvenience them*” to give him a lift, and we pursued our way through sunshine and showers to Ockley. Our road lay

through Dorking, a very pleasant country town, and charmingly situate, famous for its poultry and butter, and more especially as having been the domicile of "Sam Weller" of immortal memory. It is a large place, with a tolerable church, and some substantial-looking inns, though I did not observe any with a landlord sharp enough to draw a good business by hanging out the sign of "The Marquis of Granby!" Limestone is extensively quarried near the town, and there is likewise much chalky and sandy soil in its neighbourhood, which moreover abounds with pleasant walks and drives. Here, too, prevails the custom of "Borough English," the peculiar feature of which is the descent of an estate, in case of intestacy, not to the eldest, but to the *youngest* son, in exclusion of all the other children, to which fact, I suppose, is to be attributed the—as far as we could judge—unpopularity of the moustache movement in these parts; "Sweet Will" telling us that "one's having a beard is a younger brother's revenue," and the young Dorkings being properly averse to your estimating them at so low

a figure. It had been a beautiful morning early according to Ned, who had been up and roaming "when you were warm asleep, my 'Blaize,' and all the world was still;" but when we started, and while in the town, a thick drizzle obscured the sky, and everything else, and so we didn't see the place under as favourable circumstances as we could wish.

Our route then lay through Cold Harbour-lane—a most delightful, regular English lane, of great length, and rather steep, the hedges on either side fragrant and gorgeous with roses and honeysuckles, heaths, heather, blue bells, and all sorts of wild flowers—a "subject" after the very heart of a pre-Raphaelite artist. At the little village half-way up Leith Hill, which we reached about one, and which consisted of some half-dozen cottages, we entered an old, straggling, wayside public-house, called "The Ploughshare;" and making ourselves comfortable in the old chimney-corner, had a hearty lunch of bread and cheese and cold brandy and water, and Ned actually indulged in a cup of cider. The landlord and his wife were out "harvesting," and the

house was full of children, pretty-looking and clean, the eldest of them, a girl of fourteen, but in the full consciousness of her responsibilities and charge, quite a little woman. She was an excellent manager, laid the table, kissed that little sister, boxed the ears of that mischievous boy, rocked the cradle, and brought the brandy all in a trice; and had, moreover, a capital eye to business, and laid it on very heavy in the reckoning, so much so, indeed, that Ned, who, "though on pleasure he was bent, had still a frugal mind," entered a strong protest against her claim, and eventually, to his great satisfaction, succeeded in striking off threepence. Here we first noticed a peculiarity in the style of building the houses and barns, &c., the blocks of freestone being placed in irregular and fantastic order, and the mortar in the joints punctured with the chips of the dark forest sandstone, which, says Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selbourne" (where the custom is likewise prevalent), "has occasioned strangers sometimes to ask us, pleasantly, 'whether we fastened our walls together with tenpenny nails?'"

Following the lane, we at length came to Leith Hill, said to be the highest point in the south of England; the summit is crowned with a ruined red brick tower, whence is a most extensive and magnificent view, and in clear weather the sea can be detected between Chatlingbury and the next down. This tower was erected by one Mr. Hull, "*oblectamento non sui solum, sed vicinorum et omnium,*" as an inscription on the west side informs us; but dying shortly afterwards, in 1772, in the eighty-third year of his age, although he was buried beneath it, and the rascals came into a large estate, yet his heirs suffered it to run into decay, and entirely frustrated his intentions *pro bono publico*.

Of "Lith Hill," as he calls it, Old Camden says, "The like, I think, is not to be found in any part of England, or perhaps Europe besides, and the reason why it is not more observed is, partly, its lying quite out of the road, and partly its rising so gently and making so little show till one is got to the very top of it."

Ned was in ecstasies, and after his usual confi-

dential interview with the sun, as I had no insult to offer to his feelings, as at Mickleham, he got upon his legs, and treated us to a gratuitous harangue.

“At last,” said he, “I stand on this far-famed spot, and from the wild rough heights of Leith Hill gaze on a prospect unexampled in beauty and rarely equalled in extent—a view that an old traveller I have read of, but whose name I have forgotten, writes about and says, that after journeying long in foreign parts, and seeing that grand view of Naples, which a man having once seen, may then die happy, as having seen the first beauty the world can afford, after seeing the wide prospects from some of the most famous points in Switzerland, and having been a wanderer in search of beauty through wide Europe, he returned home, and in travelling from the coast to London chanced to stray from the road, and to ramble over these heights, and then and there, he says, he saw a view of such unrivalled and surpassing loveliness, that nought he had seen in all his travel could for one moment vie with it—

one that would remain stamped on his memory as the most glorious thing he had ever seen. I, too, have seen that view of Naples—I, too, have beheld the vaunted scenery of foreign lands, and when I now look from this lofty eminence, I can easily believe the old traveller felt as he says (and truly can I echo his sentiments), when he looked on this wide prospect, and remembered that all he looked on was England—his own country, after his years of foreign travel. It's magnificent, it's superb!"

And so saying, he flung himself down again, and he and the sun had it out together. As for "My Uncle," he was speechless with admiration—the words wouldn't come. It was, as I whispered *sotto voce* to Ned, a case of—

"I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!"

After a time he managed to get out something about "water."

"Why, my dear sir," said I, "were it but clearer, you would, through that break in the hills there, between Arundel and Brighton, at Shoreham

gap, see the sea! But, never mind, be comforted. While looking over Ned's map this morning, I saw an immense tract of 'land covered with water,' called 'Woolmer Pond,' which we shall reach in the course of a day or two, and then you will have water to your heart's content, and perhaps call for a little brandy with it! It will be 'water—water—everywhere' then."

The worthy gentleman being somewhat comforted by that cheering prospect, though he confessed one might have too much of a good thing, we descended the hill and passed through Holmesdale, which was so gallantly defended and stoutly maintained against the Danes in the early period of our history, as to afford an effectual barrier against the progress of that ferocious people, and give rise to the old distich—

" This is Holmesdale
Ne wonne, never shall."

It derives its name from the Holm Oak, which abounds here, and in the time of Charles II. it was celebrated for its red deer; afterwards it was a

famous strawberry ground ; and now it is overgrown with furze. Fuller's earth and medicinal herbs and plants were once very plentiful. The old Traveller's Guide I have before quoted says, "There was here a very ancient castle called Holms Castle, built by the Earls Warren, under which Camden mentions having seen an extraordinary passage, with a vaulted room, hewn with great labour out of the sand-stone, of which the hills hereabouts are composed. Here we are told the barons who took up arms against King John had their private meetings, and especially the evening before the celebrated congress in Runnymede. A gate, with some round towers, were the last remains." And so sauntering quietly along, we reached about three the village of Ockley, and put up at that excellent house of entertainment, "The King's Arms."

CHAPTER V.

OCKLEY—AN EVENING RAMBLE—NED'S "CERTAIN CURE" FOR
THE CHOLERA—A COUNTRY "SHOP"—CRANLEY—HAS-
COMBE—WHITLEY—A RUSTIC CONCERT.

A SWEETER spot, a more thoroughly rural and out-of-the-world nook, than the little hamlet of Ockley, I have neither seen, nor can conceive. It is a perfect gem—the very paragon of villages. There is a "green," of course, and in the centre of it is a very picturesque well, erected in 1837, in accordance with the will of one Jane Scott, who, the place being badly off for water, left all her money for the beneficent purpose of remedying the want ; and then the green is a spacious and irregular one, inclosed on all sides with lofty trees, pleasant hedgerows, and sweetly pretty thatch-roofed cottages, covered with vines and other creepers, and bounded right along one side by the Staine-street Causeway, an old Roman road, straight as an

arrow, as usual, but lined with noble oaks and leafy chestnuts, yielding here and there a glimpse, through their luxuriant foliage and sturdy stems, of our intended hostelry, "The King's Arms," and its adjacent outbuildings, and divers cottages and farmsteads. And then everything is so clean and neat—a very Dutch village for tidyness ; and there is such a charming country round it, and pleasant prospects, and so many lovely sequestered walks, that, in fact, of all the places I have ever seen or pictured to myself as the goal of a laborious career, where to spend the "*otium*" of my declining years, Ockley stands the first, and with no chance of ever losing its proud pre-eminence. Ned's opinion exactly coincided with mine, whereat I was pleasantly surprised, as I had feared that the "wild rough heights of Leith Hill" would have indisposed him properly to appreciate its sober tranquillity ; and so we decided (a very agreeable arrangement—*si fata non obstant*—and presuming the "little difficulty" about his faith, or rather want of faith(!), would be overcome by that time) on going down arm in arm

to posterity, as vicar's and parochial wardens, or resident squires of the neighbourhood.

"I tell you what it is," said Mr. Bang,— "I tell you what it is—it's all very well—all very well—but"—re-arranging his bag and umbrella with much fastidiousness—"but—I want water—water—water ; come, sir, come !" and we bent our steps to "The King's Arms," "My Uncle" casting an eye of hope in the direction of Woolmer.

Having secured our beds—Ned and I being obliged to occupy a double-bedded room,—and ordered a heavy tea for eight o'clock (our usual hour), we sauntered forth for a ramble in the "evening calm and cool," and the first thing we noticed was, that over the sign of his Majesty's Arms (which were "supported," as the phrase is, by a most ferocious looking lion and evil-intentioned unicorn, but appeared to an ordinary observer, like myself, in danger of speedy annihilation in the coming struggle) was suspended a "gate," which is sometimes made to do service as a sign by itself, and in some parts of the country is of common occur-

rence, but this was the only instance of our meeting one in Surrey. The sentiment it is supposed to convey (if it be not painted beneath) is,

“ This gate hangs well, and hinders none,
Refresh, and pay, and then pass on.”

And the second thing we observed was a commotion at the door of a neighbouring cottage, whence, the next moment, “four-and-twenty happy boys came bounding out of school.” “Away they sped with gamesome minds,” and “drave the wickets in,” and were soon scattered over the green,

“ Turning to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can,”

and among them my blue cap, upon which they were uncommon hard.

One unhappy broth of a boy, as a matter of course, fell into Ned's clutches; and while all the rest were romping about, and pretty village maidens were going backwards and forwards from the well, was doomed to a long interrogation as to the early history of his native county in general, and the great battle fought with the Danes in his native

village, in particular. But I believe neither of them knew much more about it than that "'twas a famous victory!" but Ned expressed himself as delighted with his conversation, and assured us it would "afford pleasant food for thought in many quiet moments."

Ned and I then took the bats, and entered with spirit into the game; for if, as is true, we always bring eyes for all we see in the country, it is no less so that

" We join in all their simple sports ;
They please us, fresh from brawling courts
And dusty purlieus of the law."

Mr. Bang got hold of a garrulous old fellow, doubtless "the oldest inhabitant," and they sat chattering away upon the settle, about the gentry of the neighbourhood, the quality of the soil, the system of farming adopted, and all that sort of thing; and our game over, I made my way to the well, and helped the little girls with their pails; and if, as we read in the old distich, I did something else too—well—"need a body tell?"

Having thus enjoyed ourselves each after his own fashion, we inquired our way to the church, being anxious to see the burying ground, from having previously read old Camden's description of it; "where," says that Worthy—"where is a certain custom observed, time out of mind, of planting rose-trees upon the graves, especially of young men and maids who have lost their lovers, so that this churchyard is now full of them." But, alas! when we got there,

"The trees they were withered—the roses were gone!"

The present generation is a degenerate one, and, when one lover has departed, are too busy looking out for a substitute to waste their precious time in decorating the old lover's tomb.

Said Ned, wide-awake in hand, and staring pertinaciously at the setting sun,

"Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in the grave—
And *thou* must die!"

and then, flinging himself on the greensward, was lost in a lengthened reverie.

We afterwards extended our stroll to some of the surrounding farms; and just as "the twilight grey" had

"In her silver livery all things clad,"

and "ere the stars were visible," we "reached the village inn, our evening resting-place."

Mrs. Brown, our hostess, had prepared us a magnificent meal, and very cheerful were we over it; and when, after a prolonged chat, we retired for the evening, and Ned and I found ourselves in our double-bedded room, says I, "Well, if I am destined to undergo the misery of another infliction of the prevailing epidemic, it's an unspeakable satisfaction to have you so near at hand."

"My dear fellow," replied Ned, "I hope you don't intend anything of the sort—it's a great nuisance; but if you do, and are as bad as you were last night—well, my mind's made up. A certain poet has said,

'Diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved.'

Now, I have an uncle in Newcastle, who had great

experience during the late terrific visitation of the cholera there; and of the many remedies then suggested, those that he found the most efficacious were the laying, at the option of the patient, on the pit of the stomach, either a hot brick, or a linen rag steeped in spirits of wine, and then set alight. Now, either of those courses will restore the circulation instantaneously; and I'm determined, if you disturb me, to adopt something of the sort; and as I may not be able to get a hot brick, and the house is destitute of spirits of wine (for I made inquiries as soon as I found we were to occupy the same room), I shall take your camphor bottle, and apply it for once in a sensible way. Good night, old boy, and take the hint."

Not at all relishing such kill or cure treatment as that, the reader will be comforted to know that I passed an excellent night, and woke in the morning more like myself than I had dared to hope. It was rather early, though—about five; and I missed the flycatcher suspended from the ceiling in my room at "The Beehive," it being amusing,

as we did not get up till six, to watch the little creatures flying round it. I wish they were more general in bed-rooms; but I only recollect having them on one occasion before, at a hotel near the Paddington station, where, had it likewise proved an attraction to the *fleas*, 'twould have been an invaluable article. As it was, I was bitten from head to foot; and on being asked to "remember the chambermaid," dismissed her with "one in her ear!"

The morning was misty; but there was promise of a fine day. Ned and I took our early constitutional, and, on our return, noticing an indistinct figure, with its legs apart, in the middle of the road, and a hat over its eyes, said Ned, "Oh! my prophetic soul, my uncle!" And suddenly giving the worthy gentleman a slap on the back, the legs were instantly gathered up, the nail-trimmer fell to the ground, and the hat started on a voyage of discovery over the green; whence, after an exciting chase, a little breeze just then getting up, it was recovered in dangerous proximity to the well.

“Come, sirs, come! Come, sirs, come! May the wings of friendship never moult a feather! But—you’ll pardon *me*—I shall be obliged to punch your heads if you don’t look sharp. Come, sirs, come! After you.”

A thousand apologies were offered, and most graciously accepted, to my great relief; for Mr. Bang is rather powerful in the arms; and there is no disguising the fact, that even a playful slap from the paw of the lion could be cheerfully dispensed with. After breakfast, which was pronounced “superb,” *nem. con.*, and bidding adieu to Mrs. Brown, with all sorts of encomiums on her admirable housekeeping, we were, at ten o’clock, “once more on tramp,” as Ned regularly reminded us every morning. Our anticipations proved correct: it was a most magnificent day; and, according to our previous arrangements, we took our course along the fields (we *always* avoided the highways), through Ewhurst and Cranley, to Hascombe. Ewhurst, so called from its woods, in which the yew tree was formerly abundant, is a poor little

place, with a very uninviting "public," which determined us on investing in some bread and cheese and gingerbeer at "the shop"—that *omnium gatherum* in a country village, where you get anything, from a glaringly coloured dress to a rope of onions; and Ned having satisfactorily completed the bargain with a small boy behind a high counter, almost blinded with wasps, and I am certain to the great loss of the establishment, we withdrew to a harvest field in contiguity to the church, and,

"Beneath some sheltering heap of yellow corn,"

discussed the frugal meal. Thence to Cranley, which my old Guide tells me is supposed by a Mr. Salmon to derive its name from a Heronry here, "when the breed of herons, or cranes, was encouraged for the sake of hawking them;" and he—Salmon—embraces the opportunity of giving a little anecdote: "We may, from the history of Rufus, conclude that this fowl was once a delicious morsel, for he disgraced one of his chief nobility, who had the care of his table, for setting before him a crane but half roasted;" on which he founds

the remarkable conjecture that "perhaps these martial conquering stomachs fed upon creatures of prey and ravage, that the juices might be impregnated with a savage disposition, which, above all things, they indulged;" and which convinces me that *Salmon* must be the "funny fish" that wrote the "choice extract" in Chapter III. ! It is a large straggling village, with some good shops, several inns, and a handsome church; and after sitting in the churchyard for some time, and patronising Mr. Herrington in the matter of lemonade, we proceeded to "The Leather Bottle," on the Guildford-road, where, on second thoughts, Ned deemed it preferable to pass the night; but finding all their beds were engaged, were obliged to push on to Hascombe, which, on the whole, we did not regret, as "The Leather Bottle" seemed but an indifferent place, very dirty, and with several Popish prints about the parlour; so that "My Uncle" would rather "have gone twelve miles to the next house," at the dead of night, than have stopped there; while Ned, for obstinacy's sake, protested they were

the only redeemable features about the place, and suggested, as they had no beds, we should put up with a "shake-down" on some clean straw! This was far too serious an instance of insubordination for "My Uncle" to pass by without remark; and he accordingly improved the opportunity, by a vigorous and overwhelming onslaught on Pope and Popery, in which he was earnestly supported by the humble individual who, &c. &c.; and which completely annihilated our thoughtless friend, who shortly hid his diminished head in the ample folds of his ordnance map.

Soon we came upon a beautiful lane, with fields on either side rich with the waving grain, and winding up to the top of a lofty hill, where are the traces of a Roman camp, and whence was a most magnificent and extensive view of the Weald of Surrey, embracing the country we had already traversed (conspicuous over all, "the wild rough heights of Leith Hill"), and the parts we were yet to visit—the sloping meadows all lit up with glory by the sinking sun, and many a snug homestead dotted

here and there. There we sat enjoying the calm and lovely prospect till "the moon took up the wondrous tale;" and then we wound our way through pleasant groves—the owls shouting in the old woods, the throistles piping in the covert of the thick evergreens, and the bats flapping in our faces—to "The White Horse Inn," at Hascombe. Here we had capital fare, a little cherry-cheeked lass to attend us, Ned and I again occupied a double-bedded room, and, as a consequence, my health was excellent. We found the next morning that Hascombe was a very rural, dreamy, little place, with a curious old church in a most out-of-the-way situation, and some charming cottages embosomed in flowers and creepers, and amongst them I must not forget that of the old village Crispin, whose advice I went to obtain respecting my orthodox but uncomfortable boots :

" Yellow sheafs from rich Ceres the cottage had crowned,
Green rushes were strewed on the floor,
The casements sweet woodbine crept wantonly round,
And decked the sod seats at the door ;"

he had also a spacious garden, brimful of flowers

and vegetables, and an orchard and a little paddock beyond it, where, after a quarter of an hour's search, I found him ; likewise he had his "good woman," and one child,

" a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his *fortune's* heir,"

whom I grieve to say—scared away, perhaps, by the blue cap—I didn't see ; but that venerable sinner "My Uncle" did, and vowed she was "the sweetest thing that ever grew beside a cottage door ;" whereupon Ned remarked that it *was* a beautiful morning, and that the hues of a certain dahlia were exquisite ! The old man promptly undertook to put my boots on the stretcher, and we adjourned to breakfast. That meal satisfactorily disposed of, and our bill settled, we again strapped on our knapsacks, and were "once more on tramp."

First we reached Hambledon, where is a fine church with a famous old yew tree, but nothing else worthy of notice. Thence to a village called Whitley, which is of a heavy sombre appearance, and

were better called "Redley," all the houses being built of the red sandstone, and the roads and walls partaking of the same hue, and the inhabitants looking like a tribe of red Indians! Referring to my worthy old Guide, I find "this place is privileged, as ancient demesne, from serving on juries. In Whitley park there was, some years ago, as much iron ore as set two forges at work. At Bonfield, in this parish, there was a spring of water good for sore eyes and ulcers; and in digging two spits deep near it, were found old English coins of gold and silver, together with rings, which raised the value of the land two shillings an acre more than elsewhere;" but we are not informed whether it ever repaid the outlay. Here we purchased some lunch, and again repaired to the churchyard to discuss it. Afterwards seating myself on a stile, I produced a little private collection of "Poetic Gems," and treated my comrades to a vocal entertainment gratis. I don't know whether I have before mentioned the circumstance, but I have the misfortune to be perfectly deaf of one ear, and sometimes

partially so of the other, and as a natural consequence am given to talk somewhat loud ; so after I had bellowed forth some half dozen of Moore's ballads, I was rather startled by a loud "Haw, haw," at my *left* ear, and looking round discovered a vast band of harvesters, men, women, and children, laughing fit to kill themselves ; for, not seeing Ned and "My Uncle," they lying on the other side of the hedge, they doubtless conceived I was some "daft 'un," and probably anticipated good sport out of me, which, though of an accommodating disposition, would, I suspect, have tried me to the uttermost ; but as my friends just then presented themselves, they began to comprehend the matter, and the leader of them, putting his best leg foremost, and pulling with needless pertinacity a lock of his hair, requested, in the name of his comrades, that "the gentleman" would favour them with another. So, always willing to contribute to the innocent pleasures of the labouring classes, I graciously acceded, after which Mr. Bang sang "Bachelors' Fare" (the only song he knows), and Ned brought

up the rear with "The Poacher's Song," and "Oh, what sweet contentment the countryman doth find!" and then we took our departure, amid such loud huzzas, waving of sickles and neckerchiefs, and general applause as would have done my Lord Albemarle's heart good to witness.

CHAPTER VI.

WHICH IS THE WAY?—A WAYSIDE SCHOOL—THE DEVIL'S
PUNCHBOWL—HASLEMERE—OUR FIRST SUNDAY—WHAT
NEXT?

FROM Whitley we pushed on cross country to the “Devil’s Punchbowl,” which, after great labour and difficulty—not meeting a soul to direct us—the sign-boards in the neighbourhood being in a similar state to the “Bye Laws” of railway companies, either illegible or vague; and being, therefore, entirely dependent on the ordnance map, or rather on Ned’s interpretation of it—we at last succeeded in reaching, wayworn and footsore. I am not sure but that our “not meeting a soul to direct us” tended *indirectly* to our arrival considerably sooner than if we had fallen on a populous locality; for Ned, in spite of his perpetual swearing by the ordnance map, invariably asked the way of every individual man, woman, or child we met or overtook in the course of the day. No matter if it were

one of those undeniably idle would-be-thought-industrious gentry,

“Deemed a piratical sort of invader,
By him we dub the regular trader ;”

a travelling pedlar, pack on back, and safe to be a “stranger to the place ;” an old woman, deaf as Dame Eleanor Spearing, gathering sticks by the roadside, and who, “turning on the pivot of her skull her long left ear,” could not be impressed by a quarter of an hour’s shouting with the remotest glimmering of the nature of his inquiry ; a drivelling old idiot grinning on a stile, and who responded with alacrity, pointing to all parts of the compass at once ; or a little toddling child, with one geographical idea in her head—the situation of “mother’s cottage,” and who, of course, being too shy to speak, stretched out her little hand pertinaciously in that direction ;—in a word, whoever it might be, underwent a long interrogation ; and when at length worn out, he or she hopelessly but resolutely drew an imaginary line, they found the relief they barely expected, for off our friend had started,

we perforce obliged to follow; and in about an hour or so would find ourselves some three miles out of our way, on a wild common or in an impassable wood, much to the indignation of "My Uncle," who "wasn't accustomed to this sort of thing," and who always wound up an unintelligible but ominous muttering with "I tell you what it is—I tell you what it is—d—— that map—I'm not so young as I have been, and I'm not going to be pulled about in this way. Shut up that map; have done with all this humbug. I tell you what it is, the next town we come to, I take the coach and go back." However, when we did get to the town, comfortable quarters and a hearty meal soon restored the old gentleman's equanimity; and when sitting over the fire, with his glass of grog, he could talk with smiles of the troubles of the day. "Come, sir, come. Have a glass! Come, sir, come! I tell you what it is, I'm an old man, you know, and like taking things quietly. I don't like being hurried, and all that sort of thing, you know; but come, sirs, come! Let us drown our sorrows in the bowl!

May the best day we have seen be the worst we have to come ; and may the sunshine—or rather the tallow candles—of comfort dispel the clouds of care. Give us your hand. How's the girl you left behind you ? Come, sir, come ! Sir, to you ! Come, sir, come !” and, tossing off his glass, was himself again.

But I am forgetting the “Devil's Punchbowl.” On our way we passed a lonely place called “Brook Street,” where several laughing young ladies were commendably employed in teaching a rustic school, but who, girls and all, rushed out on our advent,—the boys hurrahing and shouting, and the pretty dears waving their handkerchiefs, shaking their curls, and (when we were far enough off) kissing their lily hands. “My Uncle” was delighted with the little episode, kissed the tips of his fingers gallantly, spoke volumes—with his eyes—and begged me not to forget it in “The Journal.” As for myself, the blue cap was again in requisition, and I flatter myself—but I forbear ! And as for Ned, it is by no means remarkable that he “never saw”

the young ladies, but was enthusiastic about "the boys;" it was so delightful and exhilarating to see them romping about, &c.; and much regretting he hadn't had time for a chat (to add to his stock of provender, it is supposed, for his next "quiet moment"), wound up a harangue with the assertion, "I feel it now," as the poet, poor Tom Hood says—"I feel 'tis now

" but little joy,
To know I'm farther off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy!"

Well! Farewell, ladies! May you be happy! and each find a "husiband galliant and gay!"—though I sadly fear that, like old Crispin's pretty daughter at Hascombe, you are thrown away in these lone country parts—are "born to blush unseen, and waste your sweetness on the desert air,"—for

" Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle!"

At length, as I have said, weary and exhausted—for we had been a long round, the sun was intensely hot, and there was hardly any breeze—we reached

the base of a series of hills ; but as it was impossible to decide from which we could view the "Punch-bowl"—as Mr. Bang vowed he wasn't going a wild-goose chase up them all, and as my troublesome boots still rendered me anything but an

"*Unvexed* loiterer by the world's green ways,"

and so was inclined to rest me a bit—it was settled that Ned, who is never tired, should go forward to reconnoitre, and fix on the "basis of operations ;" a duty that that accommodating youth, casting off his coat and knapsack, cheerfully performed, and, bounding up the hills like a young roe, we soon beheld him waving his wideawake—the signal of success. Then, myself seizing his abandoned knapsack, and "My Uncle" casting his coat over his shoulder, we essayed to follow his agile steps, but our progress for some time was of the retrograde nature peculiar to the crab.

"Downwards we climbed, and backwards we advanced," and not without incalculable toil did we reach the summit, where we discovered Mr. Ned,

as a matter of course, on his back, enjoying a delicious *tête-à-tête* with his solar majesty! We were on the highest of a commanding range of heather-clad eminences, and considerably below us was the famous "Punchbowl"—a very deep and extensive hollow amid the hills, and popularly regarded (together with every other *lusus nature*) as the handiwork of "the dark gentleman." Between it and us, and winding round it amid ling and heath, was the old Portsmouth road, whereon we presently descried, with a brave load of passengers and a gallant team of grays, and all covered with dust, the Portsmouth mail. I thought it my duty, under the circumstances, to give my blue cap an encouraging and jovial whirl, when, to my dismay, the coachman immediately pulled up, under the impression we wanted to join him. Near five minutes were consumed in unavailing gesticulations on my part, and vehement but inaudible objurgations to "Go on!" "All right!" and the like; at the end of which period I disappeared abruptly from the scene amongst the

heather; and on looking up shortly afterwards, our friend the mail was but a speck in the distance. We then descended to the road to inspect a block of stone "erected in detestation of"—as the inscription told us—a horrible murder committed here near a hundred years ago on the person of a poor sailor, and then to the top of the grand height of Hind Head just above, where stands a very picturesque stone cross, with Latin texts, to mark the spot where the culprits were hung in chains. We found old men in Haslemere, who, when they were young boys, went to see that tragedy. Then, after half an hour's lounging about and luxuriating on the odoriferous sward, we slowly wound our way down, and made for the market town of Haslemere, where we arrived about six, and put up at the "White Horse," an old posting-house of the days gone by, and consequently very slow and dull in the present. Here we learnt that the driver and passengers of the Portsmouth mail were intensely indignant at the detention of their vehicle, while rounding the "Punchbowl," by a party of Cockneys, &c. &c.; but as

they were by that time far away, I forgave them ! We then strolled about the neighbourhood till eight—very pretty country, some handsome “seats,” and a good sprinkling of fir and other copses. After tea, “My Uncle” and I had an interview of a very satisfactory nature with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at the termination of which Mr. Bang and Mr. Ned had another, with a similarly pleasing result, with the Keeper of the Journal; and the evening being then far advanced, we retired, Ned and I again occupying a double-bedded room.

The next day was Sunday—our first; and the reader will be gratified to know it “shone a Sabbath day” to self and friends. The morning broke gloriously, and Ned was up at six, as usual; but I, not liking to break an established custom, took a lie-in, and did not make my appearance till breakfast time. That repast being disposed of, we started for church, in time to make a circuit of the town, about which, I am bound to say, we were not very enthusiastic. The country around it is certainly

pretty, but Haslemere itself is an eyesore ; a dull, dingy, unromantic " wen." It is the last town in Surrey, on the Sussex boundary. " It is said," writes the old Guide, " to have had formerly seven parish churches, though now only one, and that a chapel of ease to Chiddingfold, a village about two miles to the east of it ; and also that the town stood heretofore more to the south than the present one, which is probable, because of the many wells discovered thereabouts." This " chapel," dedicated to Saint Bartholomew, and which we reached in proper time, when

" Calling sinful man to pray,
Long, loud, and deep the bell had toll'd,"

stands on a rising ground, at the north end of the town, and is an old, styleless, and most unecclesiastical looking building. Its interior design is that of a double nave, separated by a range of circular arches, and contains an extraordinary jumble of high pews, of every conceivable form and size ; but all incongruities were amply atoned for by an admirable sermon from the vicar, Mr. Eske. Service

over, and dinner not being ordered till two, we rambled about the fields; and at last coming to an eminence overlooking a glorious panorama, Mr. Bang "improved the opportunity," by producing, and requesting me to read, a small tract, in which, for the trifling charge of one halfpenny (or four shillings per hundred), twenty-one of the "Leading Errors of the Church of Rome," were questioned and refuted out of the Douay version of the Scriptures. Ned nid-nodded his head as I proceeded; but is believed not to have heard a word of the "triumphant exposure," as "My Uncle" called it, being calmly engaged in digesting some of that mental provender I have before alluded to. Retracing our steps, then, to the "White Horse" and dinner, Mr. Bang became possessed with a sudden and inexplicable melancholy; and, after an unusual silence, suddenly broke out with, "How long's this sort of thing going on?" Utterly at a loss to conceive our revered relative's meaning, we both instantaneously replied, "What sort of thing?" And then it came out (with considerable diffi-

culty, from the length of the words—and, indeed, it was quite a triumph of pronunciation), that "this sort of thing" was the most "unepisodical, unincidental" nature of our tour. There was no variation—no excitement.

"Next day 'twas the same, and the next, and the next," and he was tired of "this sort of thing." There was no water in this country, and he wanted water—he'd had enough of scenery—he wanted a scene; Ned was aghast at this avowal. "What! faint hearted, and weary and skulking already!" and he launched forth *more suo*. "Why, my dear sir, you're as uncertain, coy, and hard to please, as the poet says is woman in her hours of ease. What can you want, and sigh for, surrounded by all these 'softly swelling hills,' and lovely valleys, and picturesque villages? Were you to rise with the lark, as Tye and I do, you'd enjoy the morning air so 'charming fresh,'

' When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare;'

you are with us in the broad noonday, when we are

ever roaming to 'fresh fields and pastures new;
and

' Oh! how fine our evening walk,
Charming fine our evening walk,
When the nightingale delighting
With her song suspends our talk,
With her song suspends our talk!'

Heavens!" cried our friend, gazing hard at the sun; "Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around!

' Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view?' "

The only reply "My Uncle" vouchsafed to this beautiful address, as he was getting over a stile into the main road, was of a similarly startling nature to his previous ejaculation — "God bless my soul!" Said "My Uncle," "*What's that?*"

CHAPTER VII.

AN "EPISODE"—LIPHOOK—A YOUNG TRAVELLER—BRAMSHOTT
CHURCHYARD—OUR NAG-BOY FRIENDS—A FOP IN THE
COUNTRY—A TREELESS FOREST AND AN EMPTY POND—
A NEW ACQUAINTANCE—"WHAT'S THAT?" AGAIN—
ARRIVAL AT SELBORNE.

It was not at this stage of our wanderings that we were to learn the answer to "My Uncle's" startling interrogatory; for aught we could imagine, it might have been caused by an unexpected rent in his drab breeks, or by knocking his knee against the top rail of the stile, for it becomes my duty as a faithful narrator of the plain unvarnished truth, to chronicle the fact, that on pushing forwards to the stile—a narrow one, in a high thickset hedge that had before impeded our view—we observed that the road shortly took an abrupt turning to the right, but—*nihil præterea*. Looking to "My Uncle" for an explanation, we remarked that that gentleman's melancholy had much increased, and that his

countenance exhibited an expression of amazement painful to behold. After much pressing, he sternly bade us "have done with that," and refer no more to the subject. "Let it suffice," said he, "that I don't altogether know myself what it was—whatever it be, I've seen it once before—when I thought nothing of it—but—seeing it again—convinces me there's something"—here he stopped, and again relapsed into his moody silence. Every artifice was resorted to to arouse him and engage his attention ; Ned and I had an animated discussion on "Popery viewed as a political system"—then Lieut. Perry's case was brought forward—and finally we turned the conversation on Woolmer, its Forest and Pond—but all in vain ; and it was not till seated before a hearty meal that the spirit of Bang, our Uncle, revived. But even then, and although we had a bottle of wine—it being Sunday—and he might have been supposed to have unbended under its genial influence, he shortly checked any allusion to the matter.

The dinner which our host of the "White Horse"

set before us, might have been set before a king—'twas a magnificent meal, consisting of hot leg of mutton, peas and potatoes, plum pie, preserve tart, and cheese—all of excellent quality, well cooked and well served, and total charge for the three, six shillings. After mastering that, and discussing the map, at half-past four we again shouldered our knapsacks, and bidding adieu to our hostess and her pretty little child, were “once more on tramp.” We walked quietly along through pleasant fields and shady lanes, and presently came to the little village of Shottermill, where, at a little bridge over a stream, meet the three counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire ; and henceforth, for a time, our road lies in the latter county, our destination being, of course, Selborne ; and friend Ned’s emotions as we neared the *locum optatissimum*, were barely restrainable ; “My Uncle’s” spirits likewise improved—he was not particularly enthusiastic about the residence of the “Venerable Historian,” but he could not disguise his satisfaction at our proximity to Woolmer Pond.

So we bade adieu, but only for a time, to Surrey, and bent our course to Liphook. Here we found capital quarters at the "Anchor," a very capacious house, and like the "White Horse" at Haslemere, a coaching-house in the good old days: there was accommodation for forty pair of horses, and before the railways came upwards of thirty coaches passed it every day. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed!! Having seen our rooms, and ordered tea, and noticed two very pretty maids, we were again off for a stroll, and turned our steps in the direction of Bramshott, the church there being an object of great interest to all tourists, and Ned wishing to reconnoitre it with a view to a sketch before breakfast on the morrow. On our way we passed the seat of Mr. Justice Erle, and our conversation was enlivened by the company of a couple of "nag-boys," as the boys are called who look after the horses in the neighbouring forest. They were very intelligent fellows, with ruddy, healthy countenances, clean white Sunday smocks, and gaudy neckerchiefs. They had been born there, and lived there always;

but one of them, when work was bad, having previously saved a little money, and being bent on seeing the world, made a little trip to Portsmouth and back, walking both ways. On another similar occasion he "travelled along in London way," being determined to see the great city: he walked all the way there and all the way back, had two days of intense pleasure, and his total expenses were only ten shillings. His bed mostly cost him fourpence, and here and there he met with kindness on the road—such as a lift or a good supper. He saw but a quarter of London, he said, and wished he might live there always! When he had finished his account of his travels, and replied to Ned's countless interrogatories, I thought I would put in a word or two. So I forthwith told them how Miss Harriet Martineau's *cher ami*, Mr. Atkinson, had, after much laborious research, arrived at the conclusion that a ploughboy's idea of Paradise and a future state, was to sit perpetually on a stile and eat fat bacon; and inquired if they had ever viewed that important subject in that very peculiar light?

In reply, I learnt that though they had not applied themselves much to the theological branch of the subject, yet that fat bacon was "moighty good stouf," and now that I had mentioned it, the idea was not so very bad either; and I suspect the Rev. Launcelot Bellas, their respected vicar, will have considerable difficulty in eradicating that pleasurable but heretical impression.

On our return we had a powerful tea; but our host, a man of great height, and vast development, and an oily countenance—a sort of cross betwixt Mr. Daniel Lambert and the Russian Giant at Madame Tussaud's—had had his suspicions most needlessly aroused, and instead of our having "the girls" to wait upon us, the bell was always answered by his own great, fat, shuffling, uninteresting person. This was a severe trial for "My Uncle," who had a weakness, as the reader knows, for being waited on by the fair sex; and indeed for myself—Ned was perfectly indifferent, provided he got his money's worth; but I forgave him when, on asking hopelessly for a newspaper, thinking of course to be pre-

sented with the *Hampshire Telegraph* or the *Weekly Dispatch*, which was the sort of thing we'd had to put up with since we left the Temple, he handed me the *Surrey Standard*. It was a perfect godsend ; and, as may be imagined, its contents were eagerly devoured, though we found that matters respecting the war in particular, and everything else in general, were in pretty much the same state as when we last heard the news—a week ago.

A better bed, and a better night's rest than I had in the capacious "Blue Chamber" at the "Anchor" never restored or invigorated weary mortal ; and when Ned popped his head into my *sanctum* at six o'clock on the Monday morning—with a facetious inquiry as to whether my slumbers had been disturbed by the apparition of a former proprietor wandering disconsolate through the deserted mansion, whom I had hospitably received, and bade make himself at home, cheer up, and drown his cares in a glass of——quinine !——? with an announcement that it was a brilliant morning, and

a reminder of our agreement to stroll to Bramshott before breakfast,—I never left a couch with more regret, or tumbled out with greater alacrity! It *was* a beautiful morning; and we sauntered through the little village, some pleasant fields, and a couple of plantations, exchanging a word or two with some ancient dames, and distributing occasional coppers to pretty, clean-faced children, and presently came to the Old Church.

Ned then, seating himself on a stile, commenced his sketch; and in the meantime, not being gifted in that line, I pottered about among the tombs, deciphering their short and simple annals, and with the view of noting the more remarkable inscriptions, for the reception whereof I had, at the urgent request of a maiden aunt, provided a little book, but which up to the present date was entryless. In truth the country churchyards exhibit a great sameness in their mournful literature. We are told over and over again that “John Brown” was “a man of great liberality and a true friend,” and “Peggy Morrisson,” “a virtuous wife and an

affectionate mother," after which is safe to come the everlasting—

“ Affliction sore, long time she bore—
Physicians skill was vain,
Till God did please, and death did ease,
And freed her from her pain.”

If you meet those lines once, you'll meet them a dozen times in every village “God's acre” in the kingdom. Of many a “Thomas Smith” it is recorded—

“He was a loving husband and a parent dear ;
The loss of him was felt severe !”

and innumerable “Mary Joneses” were persons of “great benevolence and practical Christianity.” Texts of Scripture are plentiful, the favourites being, “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord,” and “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord :” and there is no lack of poetry—such as that quoted above, eulogistic of “Thomas Smith”—the composition of some inglorious Milton, well intentioned, no doubt, but vague to a degree. Here, however, while “jumping

from hollow sounding grave to grave," I lighted upon two above the average merit, and worth transcribing :—

No. I.

“ This life is like unto a winter's day,
Some only break their fast, and so away ;
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed—
The greatest here, but sups and goes to bed !”

The only difficulty is that the three last lines, which are exceedingly good, do not exactly seem to follow out the idea started in the first :—

And No. II.

“ Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent,
A man's good name is his best monument.”

While copying the above, we were joined by our two nag-boy friends of the day before, not quite so gorgeous in their attire, but clean and healthy looking, and grinning away, each with a large lump of fat bacon in his hand. They were working at a farm hard by the church, a very fine old building, and, in part, more like an ancestral mansion than a farm house—in fact, it seems, as we say of a

broken-down tradesman, as if it "had seen better days." In a field adjoining it is one of the noblest and most magnificent walnut trees I have ever seen. After a little gossip, I sent them on their way, in great danger of suffocation from an uncontrollable fit of laughter, occasioned by the announcement of my intention, immediately on my return to town, of disposing of all my available property, and investing the proceeds in the purchase of a field, with a comfortable stile, and an unlimited quantity of fat bacon, and so enjoying, to the end of my days, a foretaste of the ploughboy's heaven! But Ned, having now finished his sketch, called them back to tell them how the great Cobbett, who was a regular Hampshire lad like themselves, and of whom they had no doubt heard, had laid down the golden rule, that he who couldn't eat "fat bacon" and drink milk for breakfast, "was only fit for an hospital;" and so, continued he, while you maintain that glorious custom, you may laugh at all the doctors in Christendom, and live as long as Methuselah or Old Parr; and then, trusting a "good

digestion might wait on appetite," we left them and wound our way back to the "Anchor" by a different route, and found "My Uncle" in company with the ostler (I suspect his situation's a sinecure) going over the extensive range of stabling, and hearing all the wonderful stories of what "used to was" in the inn yard "afore the railway come." Having "remembered" the old boy in a way he was evidently unaccustomed to, but none the less welcome on that account, we adjourned to breakfast, a meal which was perfectly unexceptionable, saving that our herculean landlord still put himself to the unnecessary trouble of waiting upon us. But I was not to be done in that way; and so, when *finis erat*, having yet an hour before we started, while "My Uncle" detained him discussing the halcyon days of the inn, and Ned was exhorting a shock-headed boy under the wide-spreading tree in front of the house, I set off on a voyage of discovery after the pretty little maids. I was resolved to see them, because our portly landlord seemed determined I shouldn't, and also for another reason which re-

quires explanation. The sun, of an afternoon, was fearfully hot, and poured down his scorching rays upon my unprotected nose with such pertinacity, that, there was no disguising the fact, it glowed like a live coal ; and as Ned's had long ago passed that stage, and its skin was cracking in divers places, and I had no remedy for this state of things in my knapsack, I began to be rather nervous, and anxious for a little cold cream ; likewise, as a liberal application of Macassar before starting had long since evaporated, and my hair was extremely long and uncommon dry, a little oil, or pomade, was not a thing to be despised. I had it, therefore, in my mind to see if I could possibly prevail upon the pretty creatures to assist me in my extremity. For the first quarter of an hour the only symptoms of life I came across were a venerable hen in an old lumber room, and an aged, but not by any means venerable, old lady, extremely deaf, and of capacious build, bolstered up in a chair in a small recess, with a large pair of spectacles on her nose, a large bunch of keys hanging from her girdle, a large ledger

before her, and a large cat dozing comfortably in the sunny window-sill, all of which combined to convince me, she was the mother of my persecutor, and my landlady—a supposition which eventually proved correct. Disgusted with my inexplicable ill-success, and persuaded that that arch villain the Pope, the source of all evil in this dispensation, was at the bottom of it, I repaired to the blue chamber to pack up my knapsack, breathing anathemas against Maynooth. Here, as good luck would have it, I found one of the objects of my search, looking prettier than ever ; and I would that I had the pen of a Titmarsh that I might describe her. As it is, sensible of my inability to do her justice, I sha'n't attempt it, but will leave her, with every confidence, to the vivid imagination of my readers. My temper immediately recovered its usual serenity, and my opinion of the most Holy Father decidedly improved. Apologising for my intrusion, I came at once to the point, and made her the confidante of my little anxieties : to my delight she professed herself both able and willing to stand my friend at this

interesting crisis, and skipping merrily from the room, presently returned with a precious pot of almond paste, and a charming bottle of a reddish oil, the name of which she had forgotten, and the odour whereof was not particularly tempting, but the results of which, as exhibited in the glossy ringlets before me, were convincing ; and giving her a thousand thanks, in addition to my usual gratuity—and something else into the bargain, which seemed quite as acceptable—I proceeded to make the most of my remaining quarter of an hour, and priceless articles of perfumery. “Why, Ned, bless my soul, who have we here ? Come, sir, come ! key-varlar ? Parlyvoo Francy, my fine gentleman ? Have we been making friends with the cook, and had our head well larded with mutton fat ? or was it the pretty housemaid ? come, sir, come, don’t be bashful ; out with it like a man : by George ! how resplendent we are ! What with your shining head, those glittering whiskers, and that brilliant cap, you’re quite irresistible, and I think it’s as well for Mary’s peace of mind that our stay at ‘The Anchor’ is

over. Come, sir, come!" "Well," chimed in Ned, "do you know it is to me a matter of great rejoicing that I have never had a thimbleful of grease on my head since the day I was born; but of course there is no accounting for tastes; and if our friend here is a bit of a dandy, and likes to saturate his hair with these stinking pomades, he's very welcome; I can only say, if our landlady to-night has any gumption, she'll make '*Pillow-case for gentleman with blue cap, 6d.*,' an extra item in our little account!" These remarks, though taken in the kind spirit that obviously dictated them, yet seemed to demand a reply. I therefore felt it consistent with the purest friendship to observe, that I was delighted to be the subject of a little innocent banter, or in any way to contribute to the general hilarity (hear! hear! from Mr. Bang, and derisive cheers from Ned), and if I was a bit of a dandy, it was something that my personal comfort and appearance were not losers in consequence, and that I preferred an application of oil when I could get it, and a clean shave every morning, to a head full

of dust, and a stubbly chin—a friendly allusion to Ned, who shaved only on Sunday; and as for “My Uncle,” I completely shut him up by saying that it was perfectly clear that if he could only have got up a tolerable excuse, there was nothing he’d have liked better than a word with “Mary!” (loud and long-continued laughter, during which the speaker took a tea-spoonful of quinine, and buckled on his knapsack).

And now, bidding adieu to our host, bellowing one to the deaf old landlady, and looking one to Mary, Ned made the original remark that we were “once more on tramp;” and we all jogged on in excellent spirits—“My Uncle” from his proximity to “the Pond”—Ned, because the evening would see us at Selborne—and myself pleased enough with both contingencies, redolent with oil, and happy in the possession of two additional bottles in my wallet. Soon we came to a wild heather waste, beautiful in the shining sun, and fragrant as Araby the Blest, and which, as a “wild heather waste,” is probably without an equal; but when the ordnance

map assured us it was "Woolmer Forest," it vividly recalled my disappointment with the forest of Skiddaw in Cumberland, and that of Hainault in Essex, and the account of that wonderful "Aboriginal Wood" that Mr. Thackeray went to see in the Sister Isle—for there were no trees whatever! It made me tremble for "My Uncle;" for if this was the "Forest," of which Ned had indulged such rapturous anticipations, what was "the Pond" likely to be? The *sell*, indeed, was borne philosophically by Ned, but then he had *Selborne* to fall back upon! while Hope had no more flattering tales for Mr. Bang, who could certainly do nothing less under the circumstances than take the very next coach to London. Dismal forebodings seemed indeed to possess the worthy gentleman, for his flow of spirits suddenly ebbed, and his unoffending shoulders suffered, in consequence, from the perpetual shifting of his bag and umbrella. Coming at length to a slight eminence, Ned broke forth with a joyful cry of "the Pond!" and our Uncle brightened up. It

was at once decided that, leaving our incumbrances in a large bunch of furze, we should make straight for the wished-for spot; but Ned and "My Uncle" differing as to the route to be taken, they branched off in opposite directions; and I, thinking one about as much right as the other, carried out a little idea of my own, and after twenty minutes' struggling with prickly furze and tangling underwood, found myself in what might have been called the Great Desert, with two cows up to their knees in sand in my immediate neighbourhood, and a small speck in the distance, which my experienced eye decided was Ned, but nothing whatever was to be seen of our venerated relative. "Well," says Ned, coming up, "here's a pretty go —— not to say 'Pond,' Hope's promises again deceiving, and 'My Uncle' once more unceremoniously awakened from a pleasant dream. By the way, where is he? What can have become of him? Just fancy him amid this trackless wild, without a path, without a compass, and without—his umbrella! Take my word for it, he'll be straying into the main road, and mounting

the first coach that passes." I profess my intense anxiety respecting him, but that as to offering any suggestion as to his whereabouts

"I do not know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome,"

though I shrewdly suspect I can guess where the Holy Father would wish the honest gentleman, supposing there was water enough in it to come over his head. After loitering about for some time awaiting in vain the apparition of the white hat, we retraced our steps with some difficulty to the clump of furze, and there, finding the bag and umbrella were missing, the mystery that enveloped the proceedings of "My Uncle" was increased. Ned maintained that, chagrined with his disappointment, he had taken the coach, while I thought it possible he might have given us the slip, and cut back to "Mary" at "The Anchor!" Each thus persuaded of the correctness of his own opinion, we were agreeably surprised by coming suddenly on our missing friend, in earnest conversation with an old gamekeeper. He declared he had made his way down to

the pond by his short road long before we did, and being supremely disgusted with it, had made his way back again as quick as he could, when, meeting the old man, he had taken his traps and gone to have a chat under a shady hedge. We took this version of the matter for granted—though we have never yet felt a comfortable persuasion of its correctness, having a deep-set conviction that he never at any time exceeded a circumference of three yards from the furze-bush—and soon joined in the conversation.

From what the old man said, and from what I've read, I gather that this "lonely domain," some seven miles long, by two and a half wide, consisting "entirely of sand, covered with heath and fern, somewhat diversified with hills and dales, but without having one standing tree in the whole extent," is very famous for game, and that in winter the pond, which is then full, is crowded with wild fowl; also, that our informant was the gamekeeper, and that he was expecting a visit the next day from the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests, to receive his report. The place was once celebrated

for the heathcock or black game, "which," says Gilbert White, "I have heard old people say abounded much before shooting flying became so common;" and also for the red deer, respecting which the pleasant story runs, that "Queen Anne, as she was journeying on the Portsmouth road, did not think them beneath her royal regard, for she came out of the great road at Liphook, which is just by, and reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half a mile to the east of Woolmer Pond, and still called 'Queen's Bank,' saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of them brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting of about five hundred head." The pond is near a mile and a half round, and from what we had read of it, "My Uncle" had great reason in his complaints. We were led to suppose that it was always full of water, waterfowl, fish, and cattle, whereas all we saw after twenty minutes' struggling and scratching, was a very limited area of a dirty fluid, and two cows half buried in the sand, and certainly destined to expire before they reached

it. And so bidding good-bye to the old boy, with a hope that the Royal Commissioners would "come it handsome" on the morrow, we strolled on through the little retired villages of Greatham and Empshott, seeing the churches, which are pretty, but nothing striking, and pottering about the graveyards, which contributed nothing to my inscription-book. Ned, however, determined to make a sketch of Empshott; and asking me to produce my poetic gems, "My Uncle" who "'bominates potry, sir," sauntered towards the village.

Presently, the sketch being finished (Mrs. Norton's "Recollections" having received an "encore," and "Love Not" and "Love On" having been equally hissed off the stage by my unromantic audience), we looked around, and observing our friend approaching us in a state of evident excitement, and gesticulating vehemently with his bag and umbrella, we naturally came to the conclusion that he had seen "What's that!" again, and began to think it might be a serious matter after all. For some time his excitement was too great for words—

if he had seen the dreaded apparition, 'twas clearly a case of "More, sir, and worse," and our Uncle in his lowest depth had found a lower still. At length the mountain conceived, and a "*ridiculus mus*" came out with great gravity and stateliness, and we learnt that the sole cause of his agitation was his having met, and fallen into conversation with a party with a stick and bundle, who having commenced proceedings by volunteering the intelligence that his name was "Tarvar"—"Theophilus Tarvar"—(if he'd known "My Uncle's" unfortunate impediment he'd never have ventured on that Christian name), and that it was "a remarkable fine day, and no mistake," finished by insulting him—"insulting me, sir, and asked me if I was in the *tea line*!—adding that he was himself, and offering me a card, saying something about, though on pleasure he was bent, he'd still an eye on business. I was disgusted, sir, and demanded which way he was going—that I might act accordingly—when he actually said he was going to the 'Queen's Arms' at Selborne, to see if he could get 'an order,' and should probably

stop there a night or two. Confound him," said "My Uncle," "he'll be sticking to us, as if we were 'all alive oh's!' and plaguing us with his 'cards' and orders; d—— him! Hang it," continued he, "what the deuce is there in my appearance that could make the man take me for a grocer? If he'd taken *you* for a tailor, or Tye there for a cheap barber, he'd have had some wit in him. Confound his impertinence! May he live all the days of his life, and repent it ever after."

Seeing he was in no mood to be reasoned with, we dropped the subject, trusting that, as it seemed we must have his company for some little time, the poor man might not be so black as he was painted, and were deep in a discussion of the merits and demerits of that eighth and greatest "Lamp of Architecture," Mr. Ruskin, when—

"God bless my soul," said "My Uncle," "*what's that?*"

Sure enough there was something visible this time. Standing very quietly in the middle of the road—for all the world as if it had growed there—

was a gray horse, of peculiar build, and on it was an individual, rather stout than otherwise, in a blue coat, and scarf round his waist, with long, streaming ends, white ducks, and a green wide-awake. "Hush!" whispered "My Uncle ;" "let's catch him, and make sure of him. I'd give worlds for it. I never had such a view of him before."

Ned and I both crept stealthily forward, and Ned wasn't a yard behind him, when off the animal bolted at tremendous speed, its rider waving his wide-awake frantically with one hand and an old newspaper in the other, which the breeze presently snatched from him, and I had the satisfaction of picking up, and found to be an outside sheet of the *Times*, of May the —, 184—, and contained an advertisement, much thumbed, and with many *additional* notes of admiration, which led us to the conclusion that he must have been the "Augustus!!" who about that time was earnestly entreated to "return" to his "disconsolate Susan and afflicted family," when "all should be overlooked!" but who, it is needless to say, didn't, and had doubt-

less been roaming about the country ever since. Where he went to, unless to the dogs, I know not. We never saw him more ; he went from our gaze like a "beautiful dream : " but Mr. Bang was continually expecting him, and he was a weight on his mind till our journey's end. And thus, somewhat excited ("My Uncle" making no further allusion to our "unepisodical, unincidental" progress), and, from being unsuccessful in obtaining refreshments, hungry as starved rats, we arrived at the "Queen's Arms, Selborne, by George Hole," where was to be had good entertainment for man and beast, and which possessed the still higher recommendation of being nearly opposite the abode of that eminent naturalist and divine, Gilbert White.

CHAPTER VIII.

SELBORNE—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—THE CHURCH—IN MEMORIAM
—THE HANGER—THE DINNER—"WHICH PART DO YOU
PREFER?"—WHITE'S HOUSE AND GROUNDS—THE PRIORY.

To write about Selborne is both an easy and a difficult matter—it is easy enough to jot down one's impressions of the place, what you saw and what you did, and copy a page or two out of "White"—and yet, so many are the pens that have described it (every magazine and miscellany that has appeared since the "venerable historian," as they delight to call him, first brought his native village into prominence, having felt it a duty to its subscribers and the public to present them with an article on "Gilbert White and Selborne"), that it is difficult to say anything new about it, or treat it with any originality. The only circumstance on which I can rely as a "new effect, never before attempted," in any account of the place, wherewith slightly to interest the reader, and re-

concile him to its hacknied historical and topographical associations, is the fortunate presence of Ned and "My Uncle"—not to mention Theophilus Tarvar—without whose enlivening company I am convinced one might as well expect to find talent in the *Daily Nuisance* or brilliancy in the *Morning Toast*, as interest or amusement in the present chapter.

No sooner had we unbuckled our knapsacks, and ensconced ourselves in some roomy high-backed chairs by the open window, to rest us a bit after our ramble, enjoy the pleasant prospect and Sabeian odours, and await with calmness such refreshment as our landlord, a smiling, red-faced man with a profusion of black hair and whisker, might deem it most to the credit of his establishment to serve up, than Ned, suddenly getting on his legs, proposed an immediate adjournment to the tomb of the historian, as an appropriate inauguration of our happy visit, and a slight tribute of admiration and respect to the memory of a good and learned man ; seeing, however, that this precipitous course was by no

means agreeable to "My Uncle," I moved the previous question, which being carried by a majority of one, he had to yield the point, and revenged himself by retiring from the conversation and a vigorous onslaught on the bread and cheese. All at once, in the midst of our repast, the sun withdrew, the sky was overcast, and a steady decided drizzle set in, which looked to our astounded vision as if it would go on for a month. In this frightful state of things, Mr. Hole was summoned to explain the phenomenon, and give his opinion on the weather, and who, on reaching the presence, grinned profusely, and thought it was a soaker, and no mistake; and a little girl being despatched on the errand, presently returned with the intelligence that the glass stuck pertinaciously at "much rain." Ned, though inclined at first to be broken-hearted, and viewing it as a natural consequence of our not following his advice, soon rallied under the combined influence of good fare and the *genius loci*, into a state of melancholy cheerfulness, and in spite of the rain, went out for a stroll into the fields,

reserving the "Lions" for a state visit on the morrow ; "My Uncle" complained of a headache and the rheumatism, and covering his face with his yellow bandanna, was soon fast asleep ; and I set to work on the journal, and wrote copious extracts therefrom to divers friends and relatives, who were requested to forward their letters to await us at Farnham. Then we had tea, which was not so jovial as might be, and then Mr. Bang and I had some brandy-and-water, and

"So we kept our spirits up
By pouring spirits down !"

and got rather more sociable as the evening advanced ; and after an inquiry as to the funds, a thought to the washerwoman, and a heartfelt prayer to the clerk of the weather, and seeing nothing of "T. T.," we retired to roost, our first impression of Selborne being that it was a charming place in fine weather, and an abominable hole (no reflection on our *host*) in bad, and that in one item at least, the "swarm of children," it had not degenerated since the days of White.

Although, as I have said, it didn't much matter to Ned whether it was wet or fine, provided he was in the country, yet, as everything has its limits, it was obvious that our friend—having thus reached, through unchequered sunshine and perpetual zephyrs, his Ultima Thule, his promised land, the burden of his hopes, the culminating issue of his deepest desires, Whiteonian Selborne—regarded this unexpected change with less than his usual philosophy, and that the buoyancy of his spirits and the serenity of his temper were sensibly affected. “My Uncle,” too, who had endured much, trusting to its all being eventually made up for by the Great Pond, and having then found Hope's promises deceiving, nothing but rain was wanted to complete his mortification, and determine him to “take the next coach,” which resolution he accordingly loudly announced on retiring. And I must confess that it was a general damper, that I was no exception to the melancholy rule—

“It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times from being sour;”

and that my feelings were extremely depressed, saving a sensation of lumbago, which was painfully lively, and required a prolonged application of spirits of camphor and an extra dose of quinine to get rid of; and therefore it was with the intensest joy, on a joint and several account, that on waking at an early hour in the morning I found the weather and the country if possible more glorious and enchanting than they were before; the rain had done wonders: everything looked fresh, and green, and fat; the birds sang joyously; the cattle revelled in the sweet moist herbage; and all nature awakened and rejoiced;—and so did Ned, who, bolting into my room as I was gazing on the grateful prospect, embraced me fraternally, and declared it was superb, that it was, “without exception, the finest day he’d ever seen,” and that he was as happy as a prince; and so did Tarvar, whom, on returning from an early ramble, we observed in the distance seated on a stile, without his coat, and enjoying his matutinal pipe; and so did “My Uncle,” whom we found playing in the “parlour” with our landlord’s little

ones, oblivious of his rheumatics of the night before, and his solemn determination to take the coach, and who, albeit with "a stammering tongue," joined in no "feeble numbers" in our happy chorus.

There being still three-quarters of an hour to breakfast, we sought out the old clerk, and under his guidance visited the church, a very plain and simple building, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, of the early English style of architecture, and then undergoing restoration, the left aisle and the roof having been for some time in a very dilapidated and tottering condition; and Ned was extremely disgusted at London workmen being employed instead of local people, forgetting, as I suggested, that there were no such skilled workmen in the village, and also that London builders are as fond of a job in the country, and a mouthful of fresh air, as London barristers of their spring assizes, summer circuits, and autumn rambles. The church is without adornment of any sort; nor is there anything striking, with the exception of the clock (!) and the old Saxon pillars in the nave which support the

roof, and are "short, and squat, and thick," like, for aught we know, for his personal appearance has not come down to us, "the illustrious man who," &c., and certainly like the old green yew-tree outside, and, are like everything else, beauties and defects, covered with the whitewash so plentifully and impartially dealt out by rural ecclesiastical authorities. Some ten or twelve years ago, the present vicar, the Rev. Fred. Parsons, superintended the restoration of a great part of it, and, among other improvements, scraped off the whitewash from the entrance door (it is to be hoped he improved the opportunity of the recent operations, and scraped it all off), and restored to the light of day some very elaborate hinges, which have since become objects of great interest to manufacturers and visitors. Having dropped a trifle into the poor-box, we proceeded to inspect the humble stone which marks the spot where repose in peace the mortal remains of the illustrious Gilbert. "My Uncle" and I, out of regard to our friend's feelings, presently withdrew to a neighbouring stile, and in

consequence I am unable to report the spontaneous and eloquent rhapsody of which he, doubtless, delivered himself. Then we took a view of the old yew, which is really a magnificent tree, oval in shape, and measuring twenty-four feet in girth. "It is," writes White, "a male tree, which in the spring sheds clouds of dust, and fills the atmosphere around with its farina," and, continues he, "as far as we have been able to observe, the males of this species become much larger than the females ; and it has so fallen out that most of the yew-trees in the churchyards of this neighbourhood are males ; but this must have been matter of mere accident, since men, when they first planted yews, little dreamed that there were sexes in trees." I may add, that I don't think they bother themselves much about it, now they do know it, though of course his reverence observed proper etiquette in the laying out of his own grounds, and planted "lady" and "gentleman" in due proximity, and gave his blessing on the happy couple. And then to breakfast.

Our first visit after that meal was satisfactorily

concluded, was—in accordance with the plan of operations which Ned, under the enlivening influence of a glass of water, and at the expense of much nocturnal tallow, had concocted—to the Hanger, a beech-clad eminence rising abruptly at the end of a meadow in the rear of the historian's house, of which it has a beautiful view, as likewise of the village, and which derives its name from the lazy, lounging, idle disposition of the said beeches. The ascent is by a long zigzag path, accommodated with rough benches here and there, on one of which White is said to have frequently reposed his venerable limbs when wearied with the exciting pursuit of birdsnesting ; and as the identical one could not be sworn to by a small boy, who was our informant, Ned was careful to squat down on them all to make sure he didn't miss it. Arrived at the top, we found a sort of flat table land, with many sheep and horses browsing, who, on my appearance among them, note-book in hand, began capering and attitudinising, as though taking me for a second White, anxious to observe their distinguishing

peculiarities. This down or sheep-walk is, says the historian, "a pleasing park-like spot, of about one mile by half that space, jutting out on the verge of the hill country, where it begins to break down into the plains, and commanding a very engaging view, being an assemblage of hill, dale, woodlands, heath, and water"—which latter item so effectually succeeded in re-establishing "My Uncle's" spirits, that he monopolised the conversation for a whole hour with an uninterrupted flow of hunting reminiscences and facetious anecdotes, of which I was a most attentive and willing, but the only, listener—Ned loitering behind, thinking such conversation uncalled for and out of place, revolving in his mind the charms of rural seclusion, and associating every stick and bramble with the venerable, &c. After rambling about for a couple of hours, trying to catch the ponies, frightening the sheep out of their wits, and vociferating recitations from poetic gems, we descended the murderous path, and again bent our steps to Mr. Hole's, intent on dinner (of which, for reasons shortly to be stated, great anticipations

were entertained), and after passing through a meadow or two, gained the road whence was an admirable view of the Hanger, and which, as we viewed it under most favourable circumstances, and was in itself a striking object, made that deep impression upon us that the beautiful in nature always effects.

And now I must confess, that having accidentally stumbled on Tarvar after breakfast, I had, unbeknown to Mr. Bang, invited that gentleman to join us at our early dinner. It was to be a grand affair, and I thought the more the merrier. For the good of the house, as we intended stopping there two nights, and for our own private gratification, we must have a dinner; and as Mr. Bang said, "may we live all the days of our lives, and live well while we're about it," and was never behindhand at a good feed; and as Ned was anxious to have everything in keeping, acknowledging that,

"There are times when it will never do
To ape the stingy, mean, penurious crew,"

and so relaxed his purse-strings for a dinner in

honour of White ; and as the bill of fare was left entirely to the landlady, whose healthy, buxom appearance, as well as that of every member of her household, not omitting the pet of the family, who had evidently been weaned on steaks and porter, inspired us with the greatest confidence ; I say, putting this and that together, when “that tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell,” announced the arrival of that

“Soft hour that wakes the wish and melts the heart,”

it was with a feeling of intense and justifiable excitement that we emerged from our apartments, and arranged ourselves round the hospitable board.

“Why, bless my soul !” burst out “My Uncle” (we were waiting for grace), “there’s that Tib—Tib—Tibble—bottomus—what’s his name ! What the deuce does he do here ? *I thought he was the waiter, by Jove !* You’ve made a mistake Tiddle—lollipops. Confound the fellow—he hasn’t got a name a gentleman can pronounce. You’ve made a mis-

take, sir—private apartments!” and “My Uncle” moved as though he would ring the bell.

“Calm yourself, my dear sir—calm yourself,” entreated Tarvar; “you will lose your relish for what I am sure will be an excellent dinner, and excitement will certainly interfere with your digestion. Calm yourself; it’s all right—no intrusion. ‘Called in a regular way,’ as the late Sir Robert Peel would have said, favoured with polite invitation from mutual friend Mr. Blue Cap—gratefully accepted—capital appetite—eat a spare breakfast on purpose, and walked about ever since. Pray be seated, gentlemen, pray be seated. Here’s thanks to the Giver of all good things. Pray be seated.”

But Mr. Bang wouldn’t be seated till assured ’twas all clear and above board: when satisfied on that point, however, he seemed to take to Tarvar better than I had dared to hope; it was clear he’d had his revenge in mistaking him for the waiter. At the bottom of the table were some cold beef and pickles, and glittering pewter covers being removed, disclosed the residue of the course: a couple of

roast chickens, some bacon, peas, and potatoes, and the man must have been, as Tarvar said, in very evil case, or else a Frenchman, who could rise from the table while there was anything left. Ned was particularly delighted with the appearance of the bacon, which was served up on a large boiled cabbage leaf, spread entire on the dish.

“Sir,” says “My Uncle” to Tarvar, as a stranger, severing a wing with great dexterity, “which part do you prefer?”

“Ah! my dear sir,” responded Tarvar, “there you have me! Much as I like chickens, and especially roast chickens, I always dread the raising of a cover, for fear they should be beneath it. It’s a long story, sir” (seeing “My Uncle” pausing), “and if you’ll help your young friends first, I’ll tell it you in the meantime:—When I was a boy, I went to the Bradford Grammar School, and often dined with an uncle who was a mercer in the town—Uncle Jack. I remember dining there one Wednesday, half-holiday, you know. Well, we’d roast chickens for dinner; my uncle helped the ladies,

and then he came to me. 'Theophilus,' said he, 'what part do you prefer !' 'Oh ! any part, uncle, thankee,' says I, 'I'm not partickler.' He helped me in silence, and then laying down his knife and fork, 'I must say,' says he, 'I *must* say, I *do* like a boy when he's asked what part he'll have, to have a choice. I shouldn't have asked you what part you preferred unless I'd meant you to *select* a part. Any part ! Any part is no part ; and, what's more, sir, it's no answer.' Of course this spoilt my dinner and my half-holiday, and I left Uncle Jack's a sadder and a wiser boy. Well, the next half-year my cousin Tom went to our school, and one Sunday Uncle Jack asked us out to dinner. Sure enough, we went, and, sure enough, there were chickens—roast chickens. My uncle helped the ladies, and then he comes to me. 'Theophilus, my boy ! what part do you prefer ?' 'A leg, please, uncle,' said I, as blithe and bold as brass. All right, this time, thinks I to myself. He helped me in silence. 'Tom,' said he, 'have *you* any choice ?' 'No, thank you, uncle ! I don't at all mind !' 'That's

right, my boy !' said my uncle. ' I *must* say (looking at me) I don't like to see *schoolboys* particular. I fear, Theophilus, you've been better fed than taught.' Of course I was floored ; but this time it DIDN'T spoil my dinner, and I left the house again a wiser, but *not* a sadder man ! And so you see," continued Tarvar, "the fix you put me in ; and as I see it's my turn now, I beg to throw myself on the consideration of the court !"

Rattling on in this way, Travar kept us in good humour and merriment, which was increased when Ned, who's almost a pledged teetotaler, ordered up a couple of bottles of hop champagne ! and seemed as fond of it as any of us. White was evidently working wonders ! I was expecting he'd propose a "Hop Champagne Supper," and "My Uncle" playfully rallied him on his ruinous and extravagant habits. Rising at last, Travar promising to drop in in the evening and have a glass, we proceeded to view the grounds of "The Wakes," as White's house is called, in company with our landlord. It has now, after being in the possession of his family for

many generations, passed into the hands of a stranger; but though a stranger, yet one with a kindred spirit and partiality for the same pursuits, Professor Bell, the well-known dentist, of London. His courtesy to visitors is great, permitting them to wander about the grounds, and inspect at leisure the relics of the great Gilbert. The place is, indeed, perfection; the house is old fashioned and low, nearly covered with ivy and creepers. Spread out before it like a carpet is a velvet lawn surrounded with lovely flowers, and at the end of it is the old "sun-dial," and near it the "juniper" and "oak" trees, mentioned in the history, and there is also a large hornbeam of eccentric growth. Leading from the garden to a charming summer-house, lined with moss and dried heather, and inclosed with maple-trees, the favourite resort of the historian, is a narrow brick path, allowing of but one person to walk at a time, and which was made by order of his father, who was careful of his health, and lived before the introduction of American over-shoes, that he might be able to take his "constitutional" in

unfavourable weather without wetting his feet. Then come some verdant meadows, and finally the whole is shut in by the hanger of beeches, "the most lovely of all the forest trees," in White's opinion, which puts the finishing touch to this terrestrial paradise. There was but one drawback to our otherwise unalloyed satisfaction, and that was, that the professor, for some unknown and inconceivable reason, has erected near the house a small conservatory with no beauty in its design, utterly out of keeping, and a perfect eyesore. We then prolonged our walk through the pleasant valley of Bourne, which somewhat resembles the scenery of the Derbyshire vales, and led us in time to the site of an old priory, attached in the days of "the old religion" to the church of Selborne, but which shared the fate of most religious houses, and was suppressed A.D. 1468. A fine old farm now occupies the ground, and the only memorials existing are an old stone coffin discovered thirty years ago, and some encaustic tiles which were found near it. We were conducted over the garden by a remark-

ably nice and hospitable woman, who invited us to enter and have some refreshment, but which, having ordered our tea at half-past eight, we, with many thanks, declined, and returned, by a different route, to "The Queen's Arms."

CHAPTER IX.

A SEVERE LOSS—"A NICHT WI' TARVAR"—THE HANGER—
EXIT TARVAR—THE PLEYSTOW—CRISIS OF NED'S WHITE
FEVER—THE DEPARTURE.

ARRIVED at our hostelry, distressing tidings awaited us. During our absence, two maiden ladies had called to inspect the apartments, with a view of taking them for a month at the commencement of the ensuing week, and after admiring the pleasant prospect from the sitting-room window, and the general conveniences of that luxurious retreat, where our tea was temptingly laid out, became suddenly enamoured of, and eventually walked off with a *plum cake*, of which I use no exaggerated language, when, borrowing a phrase from Ned, I assert, on the experience of two lunches, a tea, and a breakfast, that it was "without exception the very finest" that ever was baked ! I think I may say I regretted the premature departure of that cake, to the full as much as that of any of the sweet things, and the

dear things, of which old ladies, or Time, or any other "*edax rerum*" have in the course of a short, but not unchequered career, deprived me ! It was but a poor consolation to know that the blue cap hadn't been in their way ; 'twould have been *safe* to have been *lost* if it had—but still it *was* a consolation. Ned was completely upset by the discovery, and requested Mr. Hole to inform him whether we were his guests or no ?—whether the cake would be charged in the bill or no ?—and finally, what he thought Gilbert White would have said to him had that illustrious man been still alive ? To all which urgent questions Mr. Hole irreverently replied by very audible chuckles and very perceptible grins. And as to Mr. Bang, it was sufficient for *him* to know that it was a *lady* who had appropriated the treasure, and all that refined and accomplished gentleman did, was to raise his hat politely, and mutter some unintelligible quotation about " lovely woman." Barring the absence of cake, tea was pronounced by Ned to be, like everything else at Selborne, a " great success ;" a remark which no one disputed ; " My

Uncle " parenthetically observing, that though the personal charms of our Abigail were not overwhelmingly attractive, and though he should have preferred her being on the model of "Mary at the Anchor," yet, "thank heaven! *she isn't a man waiter!*" and trusting "his private grief might never affect the public welfare," declared his intention to "grin and bear it." As if to aid him in that laudable endeavour, comes a knock at the door, followed in due time by the person of Theophilus Tarvar, who presented himself, as he said, "in pursuance of notice," to enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and trusted that "the conversation might never flag, and the bottle never loiter."

As he said this, observing there were *no* bottles on the table—"Ah!" said he, "you'll excuse me! That unfortunate observation of mine reminds me forcibly of my friends, the Smiths."

"Oh! let's hear about the Smiths, by all means," said Mr. Bang, who is very fond of a "story."

"Why, you see," resumed Tarvar, "my friend Smith and his wife are not the best matched couple

in the world ; how they get on in private, I tremble to think, but I know they exhibit their ‘little tempers’ in public frequently enough. I’ve spent the evening with them occasionally, and among other little peculiarities, the following has always come off with great *éclat*. Towards the end of the entertainment, my lady has a tray placed before her, holding several decanters of wine and spirits. Having attended to the wishes of the rest of the company, ‘And now, Mr. Smith,’ she would say, ‘what can I offer you?’

“‘What have you got, Mistress Smith?’ her lord would inquire.

“‘Why, Mr. Smith, I have some port, and some sherry, some brandy, and some Hollands.’

“‘Well, then, I will take a glass of your *rum*, Mistress Smith.’

“‘But I have no rum, Mr. Smith.’

“‘Then what have you got, Mistress Smith?’

“‘Why, Mr. Smith, I have some port, and some sherry, some brandy, and some Hollands.’

“‘Well, then, I will take a glass of your *Madeira*, Mistress Smith.’

“ ‘But I have no Madeira, Mr. Smith.’

“ ‘Then what have you got, Mistress Smith ?’

“ And so on, till Mr. Smith had exhausted the names of all known *liqueurs* under the sun, when he would compassionately express a desire for a glass of port !

“ And,” concluded Tarvar, “how many decanters they break against the wall, after we’re gone, as I said before, I tremble to think !”

Here, “My Uncle,” noticing that there was no choice at present before our guest, ringing the bell, asked that gentleman “what he would prefer ?”

“Ah ! my dear sir,” said he, “there you have —me ! I was——” but here he suddenly checked himself, and began poking the fire (for the evenings were cold and chilly, and we indulged in that luxury) with much vehemence.

Ned immediately suggested “hop champagne !” but Tarvar declared that though very good at dinner (not but what he would have infinitely preferred a bottle of “Bass”), ’twas impossible now, and pronounced in favour of “Old Tom.”

"Tom let it be," said "My Uncle," and "three glasses cold" were ordered accordingly.

Ned, as usual, declined the dissipation, and contented himself with *aqua pura*, giving us at the same time the gratuitous and satisfactory intelligence, that looking along the vista of "youth and total abstinence," he distinguished—barring accidents—the goal of a hale old age, "like unto a lusty winter, frosty but kindly," for the sole and sufficient reason that—

"In his youth he never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to his blood ;"

finishing by tossing off a tumbler of that "cheering" beverage, smacking his lips lusciously, and sinking back in his easy chair,—

"Shut up in measureless content !"

"*Shakurn ha song goo !*" said Mr. Bang, who had got up a French phrase or two, since *la belle alliance* ; "better belly burst than good drink lost ! But moderation is a virtue !" and he rang the bell to hasten matters.

Presently, our attendant, a staid, solemn female,

whom Mr. Bang, for the life of him, couldn't address as "Mary," or "Susan," or by any familiar appellation, appears with the grog, and was half out of the room again, when Tarvar shouted out, "I say, Polly, hi !"

Polly, looking more solemn than ever, comes back a pace, and asks the gentleman's wishes.

"Why ! I say, Polly, which do they put in first, in your house, the gin or the water ?"

"Why, the gin, sir, in course," replied Polly, conclusively.

"Aye ! then," said Tarvar, triumphantly, "*I shall be coming to it directly*, Polly ! Go and tell Hole !"

And Polly retired in a high state of virtuous indignation.

"From that little episode, gentlemen," said Tarvar, "you may learn the salutary maxim, 'Always mix your own grog.'"

That eccentric and ready individual pursued his anecdotal career, without stoppage and without end ; he had a story at the shortest notice ; for the simplest and commonest action a case in point. For instance, having twice rung the bell for an

additional glass, during a temporary absence of "My Uncle," and no one coming, he resolved himself into a committee of inquiry, and bolting out of the room, came in sudden contact with our portly relative.

"Holloa, Hole!" said he, "what's the matter with the bell? I don't mean *Polly*, you know; she ain't exactly a belle!—want another sixpennorth; and despatch will oblige!"

"Come, sir, come!" gasped out "My Uncle;" "come, sir, come! what's all this?"

"Bless me!" said Tarvar; "why, I took you for the landlord!"

"Confound you," replied Mr. Bang, "what the deuce do you mean by always taking me for grocers, and tavern-keepers, and heaven knows what!"

"My dear sir! calm yourself! mistakes will happen; but you'll excuse me: this reminds me of a mistake my cousin Tom, my companion in the roast chicken difficulty, once made. It was many years ago now, when he was a jolly young fellow, in the days before gentlemen went to dances in high-heeled boots; and Tom, having an invitation to go

to a grand ball, wasn't above walking there, and put his pumps in his pocket. Having arrived in safety, unsplashed and hopeful, he sat himself on one of the hall chairs, and, pulling out his pumps, discovered at that critical moment he'd left his shoe-horn behind him ! Turning round and seeing a likely-looking individual in a stiff white choker standing near the door, 'Hi ! my good man,' says Tom, 'just fetch us a shoe-horn, will you ?' The party addressed turned slowly on his heel, with the measured observation, 'I don't keep shoe-horns ;' and Tom afterwards had the satisfaction of knowing that he was the most eminent dissenting preacher of the day ! and so you see it runs in the family, and 'can't be helped !' "

Again, during a pause in the conversation, as we were puffing away leisurely and contemplatively at our cigars, Ned breaks the silence with "Puss ! Puss ! Poor Puss ! Here, Puss !" too ordinary exclamations, one would think, deeply to affect his hearers ; but Tarvar was evidently a man who "despised not small beginnings : " nothing to him was so

minute that thereby he couldn't hang a tale. "‘Puss ! Puss !’ you'll excuse me, but that reminds me" (it was always so, "that reminds me"—he never voluntarily gave us the benefit of his well-stocked *répertoire*, but always contrived to bring them in as illustrations of the subject in hand, and as if, but for the previous observations, he should never have thought of them)—"that reminds me of a curious thing that happened to my sister Betsy. There was a young fellow in our town rather spoony on her, and he used to come and see her a'most every day, but never a word had he to say for himself ; and after the usual routine about how d'ye do, and the weather, a dead pause would generally ensue. On one of these occasions—Betsy told me of it afterwards—Pussy came in at the door, ‘Puss ! Puss ! poor Puss ! come here, Puss !’ said Betsy ; ‘pretty Puss ; poor Puss !’ ‘Oh,’ said he, looking brightly up, ‘do you know, we’ve got a cat called Puss at our house!’ But original as that remark was, he was not able to follow it up ; and after sitting looking at her and saying ‘yes’ and ‘no,’ for three quarters of an hour, he went away.”

But the Tarvar anecdotes would "fill a book:" and though he went on glibly till twelve o'clock, under the inspiration of another sixpennorth, I shall repeat no more. At that hour we bade good night, arranging that he should join us at a farewell breakfast in the morning.

Fortune still smiled on us as regards the weather; and when the morning came Ned and I were up with the lark, and ascended the Hanger, whence Ned sketched a view of the pleasant valley below us, I, in the meantime, reading him a very heavy and slow account of the place from a number of the *Leisure Hour* with which Mr. Hole had supplied us. Ned's enthusiasm was of course thereby excited to the highest pitch; and an old man presently approaching us, in whose features he declared he traced a wonderful resemblance to a certain illustrious personage, he actually gave him a sixpence—a donation, in the liberality of its amount totally unparalleled in the columns of his oldest day-book! Respecting this Hanger, and the calm and peaceful view from it, I now find that our knowledge was wanting in one

essential element, which would have added greatly to our interest in the scene, and have merged the illustrious Gilbert, and our natural historical reminiscences, in associations of glorious battlefields, cannon-crowned heights, and noble hearts ; our vivid imaginations would have let loose the dogs of war over the peaceful scene ; the lovely prospect would have been thought of no more ; and patriotism the only feeling that possessed us, or could find a vent ;—for what says Mr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent? “Any one who has visited Selborne, and clambered up to the top of the Hanger, will have a very fair idea of the heights over the valley of Balaklava, as it sweeps round toward Inkermann, always barring the height and magnitude of the trees, for which he must substitute dwarf oaks and thick brushwood.” I rather think, though, on the whole, that Ned would have thought ignorance on the subject was bliss, and any allusion to another place, “unparliamentary” and uncalled for. Breakfast, of course, was admirable, but we were much disappointed by the inexplicable non-appearance of Tarvar ; and we had nearly

finished, and "My Uncle" had just been observing that though the more were the merrier, the fewer was better cheer, when "Bless me!" cried "My Uncle," "here he is! Come, sir, come! How d'ye do? Take a chair. Come, sir, come! Thought you were lost! But better late than never: better come at the fag end of a feast than the beginning of a fray—eh? Come, sir, come!"

"Ah! my dear sir—you'll excuse me, but that reminds me——but——'pon honour, I haven't time——most amusing story—but must be off——just come back from a stroll (forgot to wind up my watch last night, and had no idea of the time)—and find a letter necessitating my immediate departure: there's my eldest son, whom I left in charge of the business, actually joined the moustache movement and frightening away all the respectable customers! and," added he, drinking off a cup of coffee, "My Uncle" had poured out for him, "and so good bye, and God bless you. I've got some bread and cheese in my pocket, and shall get home before dinner. By-bye! ta-ta!" and he was off.

Breakfast over, having received our clothes from the washerwoman, pleased her with a handsome remuneration, and puzzled with the inquiry, why she, as a washerwoman, was the most incongruous of beings?—and yet more puzzled her with the answer, “Because she went to bed a washerwoman, and *got up fine linen!*”—we, under the guidance of Mr. Hole, visited the vicarage, a very handsome, substantial building, though of modern appearance, and objected to by Ned as of too Cockney a character. The garden, the situation of which is naturally beautiful, is most tastefully laid out, and we were particularly struck with a splendid yew-hedge of considerable length. Of the house itself, the kitchen is the only part remaining which existed in White’s time. On our return, passing the Pley-stow, *locus ludorum*, or Village Green, we observed a group of villagers in a state of considerable excitement, which we were forthwith called upon to allay. The fact was, that a certain clodhopper had, during a pause in the mastication of fat bacon, fired at and unfortunately killed “the bird of good omen,”—a very rare one indeed in these parts, indeed in most—

“the white-bellied kingfisher.” Our own knowledge of the feathered tribe, with shame be it said, is limited in the extreme, and on venturing an opinion that the said kingfisher was a peewit, were derisively laughed at, though no one present could solve the difficulty. Shortly, however, an old man was seen approaching, on whom it is believed the gabardine of White has fallen, and who curiously enough turned out to be the recipient of Ned’s sixpence, and on being appealed to declared it was the *rara avis* I’ve mentioned. Then, paying our little account, and bidding farewell to Mr. Hole, Mrs. Hole, and the little Holes, and also to Polly “tall and stately,” we, at the earnest solicitation of Ned, once more ascended the Hanger. Arrived at the top, short of breath, and shaky at the knees, Ned flung himself on the greensward, and had a lengthened interview with the sun. Suddenly getting on his legs, “See!” said he, quoting from White, for White was a rhymer as well as a birdsnester,

“ ‘See Selborne spreads her boldest beauties round
The varied valley, and the mountain ground—
Wildly majestic !’

"Didst ever see so sweet a scene? Have your eyes ever lighted on so fair a prospect?

" 'Romantic spot! from whence in prospect lies
Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes—
The pointed spire, the hall, the pasture plain,
The russet fallow, or the golden grain,
The breezy lake that sheds a gleaming light,
Till all the fading picture fails the sight!'

"Drop now your eye below,

" 'Where round the blooming village, orchards grow:
There like a picture lies His lowly seat,
A rural, sheltered, unobserved retreat.'

"Says White, 'Nor be the vicarage forgot'—but
I earnestly hope that unsightly, cockneyfied object
may soon fade from my mind. 'Tis not the vicarage
he meant. And there

" 'Adown the vale in lone sequestered nook,
Where skirting woods imbrown the dimpling brook,
The ruined convent lies—here wont to dwell
The lazy canon midst the cloistered cell,

("Hear!" from Mr. Bang.)

While Papal darkness brooded o'er the land,

("Hear! hear!")

Ere Reformation made her glorious stand.

("Hear ! hear !! hear !!!")

Still oft at eve belated shepherd swains
See the cowed spectre skim the folded plains !' "

(Loud cries of "Oh ! oh !" and laughter, of which our friend, being so "wrapt and thoroughly lapt" in rural ecstasy, was happily oblivious.) And at last, having made our way down, we shouldered our knapsacks, and bent our steps to Farnham (Ned casting many a "lingering look behind"), intending to take Alton and Bentley in our way.

CHAPTER X.

NED'S PROPHECY—"MY UNCLE'S" FIRST DISCOMFITURE—A
SWINDLING CHEMIST—TYE'S DISCOMFITURE—MR. BANG
IN HIS ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF "THE ENGLISHMAN"—
NED CAUGHT TRIPPING—BENTLEY—"MY UNCLE'S" SECOND
DISCOMFITURE—"MY UNCLE'S" THIRD DISCOMFITURE—
REMARKS ON OUR ROUTE—NED'S GREAT DISCOMFITURE.

TUMBLING on through shady lanes—shady, aye,
gloomy, and withal rugged, rocky, and romantic,
in many places being reduced sixteen or eighteen
feet beneath the level of the fields, and "worn
down," says White, "by the traffic of ages, and the
fretting of water through the first stratum of our
sandstone, and partly through the second, are more
like water-courses than roads,"—rambling o'er
pleasant meadows, and rich fields, gilded with
"Autumn's yellow lustre," jumping over stiles,
and occasionally sacrificing dignity to enjoyment
in the healthy pastime of leap-frog, congratulating
each other on our health and spirits, our "thoughts
as boundless as our souls were free," and "My

Uncle " playfully alluding to the great fact of their *not* having had to "bury me before we reached Selborne," conversing facetiously, but in all honesty, with buxom village maidens on their way to market, speculating as to the course which in the present crisis of his domestic relations would be pursued by the paternal Tarvar, and on the personal appearance, and mental and social capacities of Tarvar junior, and wondering whether "Crowley's Imperial" bore any resemblance in its native purity to the beverage vended in London under that name, in conjunction with a nominal ham sandwich, for the virtual sum of fourpence,—we, somewhere about half-past twelve, arrived at Alton ; and, proceeding to "The Swan," resolved ourselves into a committee, "My Uncle" in the chair, to arrange on the order of our goings for the day. Mr. Bang then, for the first time, announced that he had a "friend" in the town, whom I will designate as Mr. Blossom, a large hop-grower, with whom he had formerly had transactions to the tune of some thousands of pounds, whom he doubted not

would be extremely glad to see *him*, and might possibly invite *us* to partake of his hospitality. He therefore declared his intention of at once calling on that gentleman, and bringing their old business connection to his memory ; energetically inquiring whether “auld acquaintance should ever be forgot,” and saying he should be back in half an hour, off he went. This half-hour we naturally spent in anticipating a glorious spread, a good bottle of wine, a few blissful moments of female society, and in perambulating the town ; but in *that* we didn’t see much that was noteworthy. “Like most of the smaller towns in Hampshire,” writes the author of “Rambles by Rivers,” “it has a dull appearance ; no buildings that would be looked at a second time, and no associations that need detain us.” There was nothing indeed, except the church, which is a fine old building, in the perpendicular style, and according to Ned, who mounted a tombstone and looked in, the interior level is lower than the churchyard, which would lead one to the very uncomfortable and unecclesiastical idea, that at a

certain period, rheumatism must be rather prevalent in the neighbourhood. Standing thus on the tombstone, and gazing rapturously and unblinkingly on the glorious sun, our friend seized the opportunity of opening the floodgates of his prophetic soul. "So pure the sky, so quiet is the air, methinks I could while away an hour here in this sweet spot—

“ ‘where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still !’

“I’m sure so fair, and calm, and bright a morn gives promise of a cloudless day ; and pleasant as has been the past—delightful as was our stay at Selborne—I think I may draw an augury from the bright orb above us, and the fragrant air around us, and predict that this day, with Alton and its ale—Bentley, *simplex munditiis*—Farnham, its hops and bishops—and our gradual approximation to the scenes immortalised by Cobbett, will be *the greatest success of all.*”

Sympathising with his hopes, but not immoder-

ately indulging his expectations, I proposed, as there was nothing else to see, returning to our hostelry, and satisfying ourselves as to the merits of the famous ale.

Arrived within view of “The Swan” (in our eagerness full five minutes before our time), we were somewhat concerned to observe our Uncle paring his nails in the middle of the road, his hat over his eyes, and an expression of intense indignation on his countenance. Striding haughtily to our apartment, and carefully closing the door, we were considerably alarmed by the following instantaneous explosion :—

“May he die in a horse’s night-cap, or perish in a workhouse ! May he who turns his back on his friends learn to feel the want of them ! I—I—I—but you’ll excuse me—I’ll make no personal allusions—I will make no reference to a base ingratitude—I will draw a veil over the nakedness of his heart—*my* friendship, where I give it, is honest and sincere, and would be perpetual, without interest, and without formality ;—but alas ! it’s *blossoms* have

been nipped—it's hinges have rusted—and its bark has foundered! Here!" said "My Uncle," raising a glass of the Imperial to his lips, laying his hand upon his heart, and a tear glistening in his eye—"Here's to *fewer* friends, and *less* need of them!"

Recovering from our amazement, and the disappointment to our culinary and social hopes, Ned and I both endeavoured to soothe his irritability, the former winding up an elaborate speech with an opinion, that it was "a sad lesson, to teach us that we need cast no anchors in this life's uncertain sea!" but in vain: entreaties and eloquence, a hearty lunch, and, above all, a pint of the Imperial, were thrown away on him—he *wouldn't* be pacified. Remarking to Ned that this was rather an ominous commencement of "the greatest success of all," and being told by that deeply-into-the-millstone-of-futurity-seeing youth, that "all's well that *ends* well," and that I should alter my tone by tea-time, I then asked them to accompany me to a chemist's, needing a fresh supply of camphor and

quinine. We accordingly entered a very gorgeous shop; and having stated my desires, we seated ourselves to await with patience the results of a little, be-spectacled, wiry, Scotch-terrier-looking individual's researches into a ponderous Pharmacopœia. Presently he hands me my two bottles, and to my great amazement I observed a white liquid in both of them. "My good man," said I, "which is camphor, and which is quinine?" "Smell 'em!" was the sententious reply. I did so, and having satisfied myself that one of them was spirits of camphor, and all right, "And now, my good man," said I, "sorry to trouble you again, but what's this?" "Tincture of quinine." "With all deference to your superior knowledge of chemistry in general," replied I, "I must yet say that I think on this particular subject you are mistaken." "Not know how to make tincture of quinine! This is an insult, sir—I say, sir, this is an insult, sir! I say this is tincture of quinine." "Why, you've just said it was an 'insult;' I ain't clear about that, but I know it's not quinine;—wash

the bottle." "Your name, sir?—your name, sir?—do you hear, sir? *Have* you a name, sir? How dare you, sir?—you shall hear from me, sir." "Empty that bottle, and wash it out, sir," said I. "Sir! This is too much, sir! I won't stand it, sir! I tell you, sir, this is tincture of quinine: look at the Pharmacopœia and see for yourself." "Look at the Pharmacopœia! Why, how am I to decipher your abominable hieroglyphics? You might as well offer me a crochet book! Empty that bottle, sir, at once!"

In a violent perspiration, and muttering something about *some* people being fools of such marvellous dimensions as passed *his* comprehension, he hastily proceeded to cleanse the bottle. Turning round, I noticed "My Uncle" looking very important, and evidently planning how he might get a finger in the pie; and I bethought me that this impudent druggist was a capital subject for the discharge of his envenomed bile. Ned was in convulsions behind the door. "There's the bottle, sir; two shillings, sir." "Two what?" "Two

shillings." "And what for?" "One shilling for the spirits of camphor, and one shilling for the tincture of quinine." "There's one shilling for the camphor," says I; "and when you give me the quinine, I'll give you another for that." "I charge you one shilling for what I have already made for you, and I will have it—I *will* have it!" "Don't you wish you may get it?" said I; "you said something about fools just now, look at home."

"Come, sirs, come! Come, sirs, come!" here interposed "My Uncle;" "my dear sir, my very dear sir! I must be permitted—I must really make an observation—matters are really going too far. My young friend's tongue seems to run before his wit, and he forgets that fair play's a jewel; but I must say that, as an ENGLISHMAN and a man of honour, as a lover of fair-play and straightforwardness, I must really say that my young friend is—decidedly—quite so—in the wrong. I am very grieved, I repeat, to say it, but 'pon my soul, it's enough to make a man scratch where it doesn't itch, and I consider it my

duty, as an Englishman, to interfere as I have done. My young friend, you will pardon me—my young friend will, I trust, excuse my bluntness, and all that sort of thing ; and I trust I may conclude these observations with the hope that, my dear fellow, difference of opinion may never alter friendship ; and that, my dear sir, you will considerably overlook my young friend's irritability, and accept of this—a—hum—shilling. Come, sirs, come ! come, sirs, come !”

“Call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! Here,” said I, “take your shilling and be hung ! As for ‘My Uncle,’ he doesn’t know what he’s talking about. I ask for an orange-coloured, orange-flavoured liquid, and I have some colourless, scentless stuff, which I verily believe was plain water, passed off upon me, and am blackguarded, and called a fool, and charged a shilling into the bargain. And as for you, old Salts and Senna, though the gallows groan for you, I’m convinced hanging’s too good for you ; you’re a disgrace to your species, your profession, your

town, and the age in which you live. You're a 'walking imposition and an animated fraud' ;" and flinging down my shilling, I quitted the place.

'Twas now *my* turn to be pacified, but I wouldn't have it at no price, and having thought at the beginning that there was nought presenting

“ Peculiar ground for hope to build upon,”

was now more than ever persuaded that “the greatest success of all” would be the grandest* failure on record !

So, in no very good humour, and amid an unwonted silence, we made our way to the station, intending to go to Bentley by rail. The station was very dull, the train very short, and the traffic very limited ; and how these cross-country lines manage to pay, was always more than I could make out—half a dozen persons being the highest number they ever convey at once. The only other passenger besides ourselves, was a middle-aged woman, of no personal attractions, but great “personal property,” regarding the attributes of which she

seemed to hold, in common with the rest of her sex, an exaggerated version of the opinion of the late Justice Blackstone, of immortal memory, viz., that "it" might "attend the owner's person wherever she might think proper to go;" whether on a general move of the whole family to America, or an ordinary gadding out to tea with "dear Maria" in the next street, being immaterial. For what with a trunk or two, an occasional band-box, divers bundles carefully wrapped up in *Hampshire Telegraphs* and blue bird's-eyes, a pair of mediæval pattens, and ditto umbrella, she appeared, judging from her station in life, to be carrying about with her the whole of her worldly goods. Whether the thought struck Ned, that by skilful management the comfortable matron might, supposing her a spinster, "endow" him with those "worldly goods," or whether in his then temporary dearth of a friendly audience, he merely fixed on her as the receptacle of his pent-up admiration of the scenery, this deponent is unable to say; but that he did maintain an animated and uninterrupted conversation with

her, in the further corner of the carriage during the whole of the run, he does affirm ; yet, at the same time, he feels bound, in justice to both parties, to avow his non-concurrence with the opinion of Mr. Bang, who declared that while both their heads were out of the window, attracted doubtless by some particular object of interest in the distance, he distinctly heard a sound as of “a chaste salutation ;” for anything more in dissonance with our friend’s well-known high moral character could not for a moment be conceived. “My Uncle,” however—and his spirits seemed to revive with the idea—persisted in his assertion, maintaining, at the same time, that it was highly creditable to our friend, vowing that he “hadn’t thought he’d got it in him,” trusting that “one trial would prove the fact” how delicious it was, and embraced the occasion to expatiate at length on the “philosophy of kissing,” winding up with the sentiment, that “the man who neglected the opportunity of bussing a British damsel, was unworthy the name of an Englishman ;” and all the day, and to the end of

our tour, he was perpetually inquiring of the blushing and indignant Ned, how was "the girl he'd left behind him!"

In due course we reached Bentley, of which we had expected great things, Mr. Thorne telling us that it is "one of the very prettiest places of the kind he knows of, and that it would have made the fortune of any Dutch painter who should have been so lucky as to light upon it." But I suppose our troubles must have cast a shade on it; for though Ned was in raptures, and, as usual, gave us the benefit of his soliloquies, a recital whereof I will spare the reader, "My Uncle" and I could see nothing to distinguish it from any ordinary village; and there were no associations of the slightest interest to redeem it. At this stage of our proceedings we were considerably alarmed by "My Uncle" deliberately announcing that he had *another* "friend" in the neighbourhood, and was determined to give human nature another chance, and look him up. Leaving us within hail, and in charge of his bag, he accordingly went on his mis-

sion of love, and presently a loud "Hallo there!" gave us the signal that it was all right this time, and that we were to advance with the baggage and join the main body. Opening the gate, we found ourselves in a beautiful, extensive, and fragrant garden, which seemed to contain specimens of every flower that blows, and soon came upon its owner, a tall, well-dressed, and rather solemn sort of man, in earnest communication to Mr. Bang of the names, species, and varieties of every blessed plant around them. On seeing us, he remarked that it was a fine day, that we looked dusty, and perhaps would like a glass of wine—but he didn't press it, and we *couldn't*; and then suggested that we should relieve ourselves of our knapsacks, while we accompanied him round the garden, and heard the rest of the catalogue! That was all we got out of him, excepting the offer of the glass of wine, and an intimation of a short cut across the fields to Farnham; so that we cherished a hope that though he was a very Abraham, in comparison with "Blossom," "My Uncle" might have no more

“friends” along our line of route! That unfortunate gentleman was destined to be still further annoyed; for just as we had reached the turn leading to the short cut, an impudent yeoman in an empty cart, and with a strong horse, not only refused to give our knapsacks a lift to “The Lion and the Lamb,” but accompanied his ungraciousness by an insulting operation, popularly yclept “taking a sight.”

“Stop, you rascal!” shouted Mr. Bang, running after him, umbrella in hand; “stop, you villain!” (here the man dangled the whip in “My Uncle’s” face)—“stop! I say, stop! By Jove! I’ll break every bone in your skin! Stop, you cowardly sneak you, stop!” But he only went off the quicker, repeating his insulting and irritating gestures, and “My Uncle,” very red in the face, covered with dust, and almost breathless (which didn’t improve his articulation), swore a great oath, that if he met that villain in the town, he’d give it him then and there! But luckily for the peace of Her Majesty’s lieges, the rencontre never took place.

As a set-off against our manifold misfortunes,

our attention had been all along pathetically entreated by Ned to the wondrous beauty of the country and the weather, the sight and enjoyment of which he maintained were over and above compensation for any personal annoyances.

Although it was impossible to agree with his philosophy, yet we were not blind to the lovely panorama before us. Arthur Young says, the vale between Alton and Farnham is "the finest ten miles in England," an assertion which, not being so great a traveller as Mr. Young, I can't endorse, especially as "Billy Cobbett," who was born there, differs from him, and thinks the ten miles between Maidstone and Tunbridge (called the "garden of Eden") to be "the very finest in this whole world ;" but Cobbett, as we all know, always dealt in superlatives, whether his subject might be a rasher of bacon, a beautiful landscape, or a base, bloody, brutal Whig! and so I may split the difference between them, by saying that we had as charming a ramble as any one could have wished for that bright autumn morning.

We began with those singular Selborne lanes, then we had verdant meadows and quiet hamlets, then our little trip by the rail, and finally wound up with the hop gardens, and the old town of Farnham. As Ned truly remarked, "what tourist could desire more?" And it will always be a source of regret, that though it *was* appreciated, those little "personal annoyances" prevented its being appreciated as it deserved.

Arrived at the end of our stage, we secured apartments at "The Lion and the Lamb," ordered a strong tea, and then sauntered leisurely along the High-street to the post-office, where we had directed our letters to be forwarded. On our way, our evil genius tempted us to enter a stationer's shop, Ned wishing to increase his stock of letter-paper, and "My Uncle" to get a better and a longer view of the pretty maiden who, as we saw through the window, would wait on us. Having had shopping enough for one day, I employed myself in looking over that day's *Times*, which unexpected treasure the little damsel handed me, and

had spread the sheet over my end of the counter, when Ned, having completed his purchase, leant over to take a peep, and was deep in an account of some antiquarian discoveries, when "crack !" went something under his elbow, which turned out, on removing the paper, to be a glass trinket-case, value eight shillings, which that luckless wight had forthwith, and with no very good grace, to stump up. I don't think I ever saw such a picture of forlorn misery as his countenance exhibited : fancy him—Ned—who would always have his "money's worth" for every farthing he disbursed, actually having to lay out eight splendid shillings, with no present or prospective return ! He seemed to think we should have got up a subscription on the spot, to aid him in the emergency, as if it didn't clearly come under his own definition of an "extra," and as if we hadn't had our share of "annoyances" during the day.

Fortunately the post didn't fail us : we all had some letters, and serenity was partially restored ; but returning to our inn at the appointed

time, we found our tea not ready, no fire lighted, and a *man waiter*.

"By Jove," said "My Uncle," "this is too much ; I shall take the first coach to-morrow morning."

"My dear sir," interposed I, "'so foul and fair a day I have not seen !' 'tis almost, as you say, 'too much ;' but let us hope that, with this unkindest cut of all, we've come to the end of our chapter of accidents. I have now waited, as I was requested, *till tea-time* ; and I must repeat with that emphasis which only experience gives, that our 'greatest success' has been the most unmitigated failure ; and I don't think I could point to a more earnest supporter of that opinion than the unlucky prophet and gentleman opposite. Fate, however, has been most impartial, and has hit us all on our favourite hobbies ; but let us laugh at the fickle goddess—'suffer and be strong' (and 'to be strong,' says the same poet, 'is to be happy'), and look for to-morrow being the 'good time coming.'"

Added Ned, "A sudden thought strikes me !

Comrades in misfortune, let's swear eternal friendship; and as tea's now ready, and it's folly to fret, and grief's no comfort, bury our 'annoyances' 'neath the good things before us."

"Amen," said "My Uncle." "Sharp stomachs make short graces, so here's thanks, and here goes. Come, sirs, come! After you! How's the girl you left behind you? Come, sirs, come!"

CHAPTER XI.

FARNHAM CHURCH—AN AWFUL ANNOUNCEMENT—THE BIRTH-
PLACE OF COBBETT—THE HOG'S BACK—COBBETT'S EDU-
CATION PLACE—THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC—A POLITI-
CAL CELEBRITY, AND A HEARTY WELCOME—GUILDFORD—
ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL.

As usual, Ned and I were up betimes, but owing to Mr. Bang's intimation that he intended joining us half an hour earlier than his wont, we could not have our regular stroll, and so, sketch and note books in hand, betook ourselves to the old church. It is of undoubted antiquity, but so patched about, bearing traces of almost every period and style, that, like the Irishman's breeches, there is considerable difficulty in deciding on its original fashion or material; and Ned not thinking it worth sketching, we meditated awhile among the tombs, but derived little consolation or benefit from the process, there being but one epitaph worth transcribing. There were divers of course revelling in

the mysterious, and grand in the rejection of ordinary grammatical rules, thereby exposing (doubtless contrary to the original design) the there underlying Brown, Jones, or Robinson to the ridicule and satire of successive generations, but none of sufficient eccentricity or originality to warrant a reproduction. The one I copied bore date 1796—not so very long ago—and was in memory of an aged and harmonious bellringer :—

“ Skilled in the mystery of the pleasing peal,
Which few can know, and fewer still reveal ;
Whether with little bells, or bell sublime,
To split a moment to the truth of Time.
Time often truly beat, at length o’ercame,
Yet shall this tribute long preserve his name ;”

which, I grieve to think, this narrative cannot do, as, though the name was still legible, I have somehow forgotten it. *Requiescat in pace.*

We then paced up and down the High-street, viewing the shops becoming gradually shutterless—the milkman paying his early call—and pretty, rosy-cheeked country lasses, with their pails and brooms, tidying up the doorways of the more

betttersome abodes ; and, prompt to a minute, entering our apartment at "The Lion and the Lamb," were saluted with a hearty slap on the back, and a cheerful voice caroling forth,

"Come, sirs, come ! How are we this morning ? —thought I was never to have any breakfast, and just about to begin without you. Come, sirs, come !—time is on the wing. How's the girl you left behind you ? May we kiss those we please, and please those we kiss. Eh ? Ned, my boy, eh ?—and now, my boys, let's set to—and may every day bring us more happiness than *yesterday* ! Come, sirs, come !" —and down we sat.

Our breakfast was a magnificent meal certainly, in style of serving and variety of condiments far superior to anything we had come across hitherto, which was to be expected in a town ; but the man waiter was an eyesore to "My Uncle," Ned feared it would tell dreadfully on the exchequer, and I suspect I was the only one who thoroughly enjoyed it, nor sighed for rural fare, or "fair" attendance. However "My Uncle's" appetite was not sensibly

affected, and Ned did his best to get "his money's worth;" and so, discussing a wonderful ham and Ned's proposal for the day's route, in the course of conversation, says I—

"My friends, notwithstanding our recent lamentable experience of the instability of human friendships, I beg to announce my intention of looking up an acquaintance in the town of Guildford, which, as just arranged, will be our next halt. I think it would be best *not* to indulge in any eager expectations of a culinary nature, for my friend is not rich, and, in truth, I have no claim whatever on his hospitality, and my visit will be simply one of courtesy and respect to a great and good man; but I know he will do his best to provide us with good quarters, and show us the lions of the town and neighbourhood."

This statement was received with an ominous silence, followed after a time by cries of "name!"

"Richard Oastler," answered I, "the Factory Child's Champion, and as good, true, honest, and hearty a Briton as ever lived!"

“Why,” said “My Uncle,” “if I recollect right—I don’t know much about politics, and care less—if I recollect, the fellow was an ‘incendiary’ and Chartist demagogue many years ago, and was finally imprisoned for debt in the ‘Fleet.’ Hang it, you ain’t going to introduce your Uncle to a scamp of that sort?—confound it: Ned, my boy, he may go by himself!”

“Agreed,” cried Ned: “the man was a violent democrat, breathing nothing but scurrilous personalities, and spending all his energies to set the poor against the rich, and get up a revolution. Tye, my boy, I wish you joy of your friend; but when we are within hail of the venerable rebel’s abode, ‘My Uncle’ and I will await your return on the nearest stile!”

“I can’t make it out,” added Mr. Bang, “I can’t make it out; I thought you were such a red-hot Tory and Protectionist, and here you are consorting and friendly with Chartists, Radicals, and Republicans!”

“Well,” says I, “it’s curious, with all our boasted

education and independence, how bigoted and prejudiced we are ; so ready, just to save ourselves the trouble of thinking, to endorse the opinions and shibboleths of our party, or our class ! What do you know of Richard Oastler ? Just as much as the rest of the world does, that abuses and decries him : nothing at all, saving the solitary fact of his having been a prisoner in the Fleet, on which you build a *possible*, and no very charitable hypothesis. If either of you had studied his career, your opinion would be different ; if you had read his works you would have found in them the purest Christianity, the highest morality, and, as a natural consequence (and what would surely have enlisted ‘My Uncle’ on his side), the most enlightened and unflinching Protestantism. He is, and always was, a high Tory—a thorough and consistent Protectionist (though, of course, with such ‘liberal and enlightened philosophers’ as you, *that’s* no recommendation), and a true and noble patriot. That he was ‘personal,’ that he had British pluck enough to ‘call a spade a spade,’ I admit ; but he

was never more so than the subjects of it deserved, or than was necessary to open the eyes of an obtuse and philosophy-blinded people ;—and having said thus much in vindication of self and friend, I'll just pitch into this pie again, and will thank you, Ned, to pass my cup."

"Come, sir, come, have another cup—all's serene—after you—come, sir, come !"

Breakfast over, and Ned's apprehensions as to our "*little* account" being abundantly verified, we again buckled on our knapsacks, and amid genial sunshine and refreshing breezes, resumed our saunter.

Of Farnham I have nothing very particular to say : it is a flourishing country town, renowned all the world over for its hops. It derives its name from the great quantity of *fern* which used to grow there, and it was formerly one of the greatest corn markets in England, though, of late, it has *hopped* to another source of agricultural emolument. To the eye it is a long, lank, and red affair, with no building of interest or importance, with the ex-

ception of a little "public," called "The Jolly Farmer," where it is said the celebrated William Cobbett was born, and in the parlour of which is an old carved oak cupboard, once his property, as the said cupboard affirms in letters of gold in its middle panel : of the other panels, one records the date of his birth, and the other the day on which "his great light was extinguished." Here, for political association's sake, we quaffed a glass of Farnham ale, and then proceeded on our way to Guildford ; passing on our left, a little out of the town, the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, which may be extremely comfortable, or episcopally luxurious within, but its exterior, as viewed from the high-road, did not tempt us to a closer inspection : it looked very red and fiery in the bright sunlight, and we did not turn aside from the pleasant fields.

After a time we began the ascent of "The Hog's Back," as the range of hills running through the centre of Surrey, commencing at Farnham and ending at Dorking, is anything but eupho-

niously called : all along there is a most beautiful view, but, unfortunately, for a great part of the way obscured by lofty hedges. The valley of the Wey is very lovely, and Ned points out to us the little hamlet of Bourne, well known as Cobbett's "education place." He used to work in a hop garden hard by when a boy ; and I can't resist giving his own words :—" But the most interesting thing was a *sand-hill*, which goes from a part of the heath down to the rivulet. As a due mixture of pleasure with toil, I, with two brothers, used occasionally to disport ourselves, as the lawyers call it, at this sand-hill. Our diversion was this ; we used to go to the top of a hill which was steeper than the roof of a house ; one used to draw his arms out of the sleeves of his smock frock, and lay himself down with his arms by his sides ; and then the others, one at head, and the other at feet, sent him rolling down the hill like a barrel or a log of wood. By the time he got to the bottom, his hair, eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, were all full of this loose sand ; then the others took their turn, and at every

roll there was a monstrous spell of laughter This was the spot where I was receiving my *education*, and this was the sort of education.”—And then he goes on in a rhapsodical rodomontade, extolling *this* sort of education over the rival systems of Westminster and the Universities !

At the Guildford Down turnpike, we left the beaten track, and bounded merrily along the now “untrodden ways” of the old Guildford road—road, paths and all, covered with springy turf. It was delightful, when suddenly we discerned a curl of smoke straight a-head ; then, as we drew nearer, divers tents could be seen pitched here and there, and we came to the conclusion that it was either a picnic party or a gipsy encampment ; but on observing the British flag floating from the tops of all of them, we “gave it up,” and when on reaching the spot we learnt it was the Cholera Hospital for the West Surrey Militia-men, among whom the disease was raging fiercely at the barracks at Guildford, a range of buildings built, as we afterwards learnt, as if for the express purpose

of inviting it (the common sewer running through the midst of it), I clapped my piece of camphor to my nose, and fairly ran for it; my two companions, with unpardonable folly, staying behind and holding a lengthened confab with the women, and children, and convalescents. They had a good laugh when they finally caught me up, at a safe and respectable distance; but the unwelcome intelligence made them see the propriety of my consulting Mr. Oastler before engaging apartments at any hotel. I accordingly inquired my way, and soon found myself at South Hill Cottage, the residence of the "Old King," a pleasant tenement of the gable order, with a small but fragrant garden, and situate within a stone's-throw of the old castle.

Knocking at the door, it was immediately opened by Miss Tatham, his adopted daughter, as kind-hearted, cheerful, and amiable a lady as any in the land; and the old gentleman emerging the next moment from his "*sanctum*," they both gave me a hearty welcome, accompanied by a regret that I had not arrived half an hour sooner, so as to have shared

their dinner, but at the same time saying, that if I did not object to cold veal and currant tart, they should be served up directly. I thanked them, but said I had a couple of friends without, and that if they would put us in the way of getting clean, reasonable, and healthy lodgings, we should be obliged to them, and I would come up the next morning and have a chat. On hearing this, the hospitable old man put on his hat, and would hear of nothing but fetching them in.

“Order up the dinner again, Maria,” said he : “if these gentlemen are true tourists, they’ll come back with me. I never knew or read of any yet that refused a bite and sup when freely offered.”

I however told him I had my doubts about their willingness to intrude on him ; and that nothing was further from my own intentions than burdening him with a trio of hungry travellers. But nothing would satisfy him ; and seizing his stick, and calling “Carlo,” off we went, and found Ned and “My Uncle” discussing biscuits on the stile. Having performed the ceremony of introduction, Mr. Oastler immediately

pressed his invitation ; but "My Uncle," with the remembrance of "Blossom" before him (for I could see that the appearance and hearty manner of my venerable friend had thoroughly dispelled their political antipathies), could scarcely comprehend such liberality, and wouldn't hear thereof for a moment, which only had the effect of making Mr. O. the more determined. "It's true," said he, "I've nothing but cold veal—the potatoes are all gone—but there's some tart, and a flagon of old ale, and if you're what you profess to be—true pedestrians—you'll come in at once." But no, Mr. Bang couldn't think of intruding, and offered Mr. Oastler a biscuit, which he accepted, and immediately seized on the circumstance as a fresh and irresistible argument.

"Come," said he, "I have broken bread with you—you must come and eat salt with me!" and linking his arm within that of "My Uncle," bore him off in triumph!

Said Ned to me, *sotto voce*, as we followed up the hill, "What a fine, interesting, patriarchal old fellow

he is ! Why didn't you tell us what he was like ?— anything more unlike an 'incendiary,' and more like an honest English gentleman, I never saw ! I'm delighted ! I'm charmed ! There's a pleasure in this, do you know !—it's magnificent—it's superb !”

Mr. Oastler and Miss Tatham were kindness itself ; we had an excellent dinner : he insisted on my occupying their spare bedroom ; recommended my friends to comfortable apartments, regretting he had not space for us all ; accompanied us in a stroll about the town ; then gave us a heavy tea ; after that, took us in the cool of the evening a lovely walk to Saint Martha's Chapel, on a hill, two-and-a-half miles from Guildford, whence is a most charming prospect ; and finally treated us to a right royal supper. That walk to Saint Martha's was a great treat : most of our way lay through harvest-fields—the golden grain waved softly in the evening breeze—the reapers were still at work—while

“the setting sun

With yellow radiance lightened all the scene.”

But I should like to give Mr. Oastler's own

description of that pleasant ramble, which I will copy from *The Home*, a paper he then conducted, published at a penny, and addressed to the working classes :—

“We had a delightful walk, through a lovely country, up hill and down dale, with scenery as charming and as varied as can well be imagined, interspersed with hills, hanging woods, rich meadows, pastures, and highly-cultivated fields. Here and there a heath added its natural beauties to the scene. Mansions and parks are dotted up and down in those landscapes : many lovely villages, situate among groves and gardens, seem homes of rural bliss. The beautiful white spire, rising amid rich-foliaged trees in the valley, is Shalford Church. The ruins on the green mound beyond, overhanging the meandering Wey, are those of Saint Catherine’s Chapel. The view thence is enchanting ; the various bends in the playful course of the river add much beauty to that spot. The Wey seems to enjoy its passage to ‘Old Father Thames,’ making us smile as we gaze on its changeful course. We

have left behind us Guildford, its three churches, its old ruined castle, and its many other attractions. That little church with its square tower, standing alone on the very summit of the round hill before us, is Saint Martha's. The ascent is steep, through wood and heath. It was a solemn, a deeply interesting sight. The beautiful little church stands alone—no human dwelling near. That view baffles description. The churchyard is spacious, inclosed by a grassy mound, and rough posts and rails without any paling. In that churchyard there is not a tombstone: green mounds cover the dead; here and there the remains (broken off close to the sod) of a head or foot-stone may be seen: all else is grass. It is said that many a martyr sleeps there, and that the original name was *Martyrs' Hill*, though now it is called Saint Martha's. Be that as it may, a spot more suited for the true worshipper cannot be conceived. In such a spot, even martyrdom would be divested of some of its pangs; there is something in that place that forces the thoughts to heaven."

Our way, there and back, was beguiled with a long and interesting account of Mr. Oastler's celebrated trial, and many anecdotes and episodes of his exciting and eventful life. A high moral and religious tone pervades all he says, and, altogether, his companionship possesses a charm few others can boast. He is a fine hale old man, of nigh seventy summers, very tall, and with a slight stoop ; he has an impressive and benevolent countenance, and a massive brow surrounded with long, snowy hair. After supper, to which we all did ample justice, we retired ; Ned and "My Uncle" to their lodgings, myself to the "Blue Chamber."

CHAPTER XII.

MR. OASTLER'S TRIAL FOR LIBEL—ST. CATHERINE'S HILL—
NED LOSES A BET—LOWESLEY PARK—COBBETT'S
DESCRIPTION OF THE ROAD FROM GODALMING TO
GUILDFORD—GODALMING—THE CRICKET FIELD—
COBBETT'S ACCOUNT OF GUILDFORD—FARE THEE WELL,
“OLD KING”—COBBETT AND OASTLER.

I WAS up betimes the next morning ; and, after the performance of my matutinal toilet, was lounging luxuriously out of the open window, thinking that early as my venerable host did breakfast, his eager jaws would not be kept waiting on my account, and enjoying the glorious view commanded by that Blue Chamber, well described in the words of a previous guest, and mutual friend, as “a noble picture,”—“the farm house, the winding road, the stacks in the farm-yard, the gable walls of the old-fashioned houses, some being yellow, others white, their neighbours red ; intercepted by yews, hollies, and fruit-trees ; the time-worn keep of the old castle, with the hills rising on the left and right,

forming a fine landscape, always watched over by the same Great Artist, and every day gladdening the eyes of all that gaze on it, and have preserved their sense of natural beauty"—when, surely I knew that figure getting over the stile at the pleasant meadow yonder : it could be no other than the venerable incendiary returning from marking out some neighbouring hay-ricks for speedy demolition. I seized my cap, and hastened out to meet him : he looked bravely in the fresh morning air, a bright and glowing example of the great truth, that "up i' the mornin' early," and a good country ramble, brushing the dew-drops from the newly-christened meadows, and listening to the lark caroling forth on high his morning song, are the best tonics in the world. After breakfast, we repaired to Mr. Heath's, hair-dresser, in the High-street, where Ned and "My Uncle" had been quartered. Ned declared they'd fared like princes ; and then, most inconsistently, showing how unworthy he was of his good fortune, had a long discussion with Mrs. Heath respecting an overcharge

of one halfpenny on some item in her account ; but the missus being pertinacious, and the sense of the meeting against him, he reluctantly gave way.

We had arranged to devote this day to a walk to Godalming, or Godliman, as they call it, to see the great cricket match between the counties of Surrey and Nottingham. Mr. Oastler accompanied us as far as Lowesley Park, beguiling the way with a long and interesting account of his celebrated trial, and of the notorious Yorkshire election of 1807, when Lascelles, Milton, and Wilberforce contested the county, the preparations consuming three weeks, the poll being kept open fifteen days, four-and-twenty thousand persons recording their votes, upwards of half-a-million of money being spent, and Milton and the philanthropist eventually getting in. Respecting his trial, as far as I can remember, it was for libel. He had published a paper libelling (the greater the truth the greater the libel) in the most thorough wholesale way one Morris (I think was the name). The reason of his attacking Morris was, that Morris

had instigated the burning of two bishops in effigy. Mr. Oastler defended himself, and pleaded justification. He was tried by Denman. Wightman and other eminent counsel were opposed to him. All his friends at the bar advised him throughout to apologise, but he persevered. To us he fought his battles o'er again, spoke his speech, and examined his witnesses, certainly in a most effective way. His defence took six hours, and at its conclusion he was complimented by the whole bar, and cheered by the public. Verdict for Mr. Oastler for so much as he justified; the residue was found against him, with one farthing damages. "It was the proudest day of my life, sir!" There was another pleasing incident connected with that day. Early in the morning he was told he was "wanted." He went out, and found two of his sturdy labourers in waiting—Yorkshire to the backbone. "Well, men, what d'ee want?" "If you please, measter, we's heard that you be going to have a tussle with Measter Morris, so we've just come over to see it was all fair loike!" They, simple fellows, fancied

that the trial was to be one of personal prowess, and that their master might lose for want of efficient backers !

On our way we halted for a quarter of an hour at the ruins of Saint Catherine's Chapel, on Saint Catherine's Hill, just out of the town, a most picturesque spot with a lovely "home view." Seating ourselves on some ancient blocks of stone, and gazing on the lovely country round us, wood and water, hill and dale, harvesters reaping away in all directions, and "the river wandering at its own sweet will," we were treated to another batch of the old gentleman's recollections : then, somehow or other, the talk got upon age. Mr. Oastler is much younger than he looks : his hair turned grey while yet a young man ; and people were often deceived by his appearance. "Now," said he, looking round at us, "I bet any one of you, you don't guess my age within ten years !" The stake was a pipe of tobacco ; for Mr. Oastler is a confirmed smoker, taking his pipe of shag after all his meals, and éver and anon during the day. "Done," said Ned ; and

having taken his time and considered it, he named seventy-two. "You have won your bet," said Mr. Oastler ; "you are only eight years out ; but I will bet you another pipe, you cannot say on which side of seventy-two the eight years lie." "Done, sir : you're eighty." "As it happens," says Mr. Oastler, "I'm sixty-four, and so you're wrong, and we're quits."

Ned was doubtless thankful "we're quits ;" for to pay would have gone against the grain, and 'twould have been no satisfaction to have won, for though Mr. Oastler didn't know it, our friend, for reasons best known to himself, though irreverently guessed at by his acquaintance, *don't* smoke. In many things, such as activity and youthful spirit, and happiness and cheerfulness, the old man is younger than sixty-four ; but it is his very long and flowing white hair, his stooping shoulders, and a something in the face, that make him look so venerable and aged. Moreover, the idea one has of the deal of life he must have seen, and that he was politically known nearly half a century ago, con-

tribute to that conviction. At the age of seventeen he took an active part in an election, and he tells a story of how, at twelve years old, he walked ten miles one day to see his father, after he had been busy electioneering in the Tory interest. They had not met for long, but the father, who was a Whig, refused to see his son, till he had taken from his breast his orange and purple colours ! Young Dick, in his hot youth and pride, was about to march manfully the ten miles back, when his mother came out, and carrying him in, made it "all serene ;" "although," added Mr. Oastler, " I took the occasion to read my father a lecture on this strange (save the mark !) intolerance in one who called himself a *liberal* !" Again, his activity for sixty-four is very considerable : he rises early, and usually has a three mile "constitutional" before breakfast ; he walks along quickly and steadily, using a stick which once belonged to his friend Michael Thomas Sadler, or else a rattan, of which he says, "Everything I have, sir, has a story belonging to it : when I was a boy my brother-in-law took me into a shop,

and said 'Dick, lad, choose wot ye woll, I'll give it ye.' I chose this rattan !"

Again on our way, we soon came to Lowesley House, a fine old baronial hall, belonging to the More Molyneux family; and at the stile, leading to the park, we parted from the old gentleman for the day. The hall is said to have been erected about A.D. 1560, and possesses some interesting internal remains, with the knowledge whereof Ned was charmed, and still more so by the recollection that through those antique chambers, and 'neath the "pleasing shade" of those "tall ancestral trees," the great Lord Herbert of Cherbury was wont to disport himself. Of this walk from Guildford to Godalming, I must extract Cobbett's account from Mr. Thorne's "Rambles by Rivers," which Ned always carried in his pocket:—

"Everybody that has been from Godalming to Guildford, knows that there is hardly another such a pretty four miles in England; the road is good; the soil is good; the houses are neat; the people are neat; the hills, the woods, the meadows, all are beautiful.

Nothing wild or bold, to be sure, but exceedingly pretty ; and it is almost impossible to ride along these four miles without feelings of pleasure, though you have rain for your companion, as it happened to be with me."

Mr. Thorne does not endorse this description, but we did—(I don't suppose that his having ridden along the beaten track, and our having preferred the quiet fields 'or shady lanes, varied with an occasional "plat of rising ground,"

"Where man hath ne'er or rarely trod,"

made much difference in the character of what we saw, or, if any, I claim the advantage)—being of that contented and happy state of mind which always takes the present view, as if not the prettiest one's seen, at least as pretty as needs be.

Godalming is a decent sort of town, with a rather fine church, pleasantly situated, and in the God's acre thereof lies the body of Manning, the historian of the county, above which, says my old Guide, is a "headstone with an epitaph upon it, though he expressly forbade his family and friends to erect

any monument for him." I presently discovered a newsroom, with that day's papers, wherein I quietly ensconced myself, while Ned made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Manning, and "My Uncle" went to call on a friend in the town, respecting whom the only certain intelligence I can give is, that he *didn't* ask him to lunch.

The cricket match, which was played on the Broadwater Ground, was very good, said to have been one of the best of the season, and was very numerously attended, several carriages full of youth and beauty, and one handsome, tall, and pensive young man, in a complete suit of black velvet (and who struck me as being possibly the ghost of Hamlet, though why he should select a cricket-field for his walk I couldn't imagine, and didn't like to ask), adorning the ground. "My Uncle" was in days of yore a famous cricketer, and knew and recounted to us all the more important feats of each player as they went in; so that what with the Oastler episode, the fine weather, and the match, not to mention a

hearty lunch we had under a tree in the field, the worthy gentleman was quite himself again. It was the second day's game, and would, weather permitting, be concluded on the morrow: we afterwards heard, with pride in our county's skill, that Surrey was the victor. On the ground we learnt the death of Lillywhite, the well known Sussex player, and introducer of "round" bowling: he fell a victim to the prevailing epidemic, at his house at Islington, and was in his sixty-fourth year.

In the cool of the evening we returned to Guildford alongside the river, and had a hearty supper with Mr. Oastler and Miss Tatham, and afterwards Mr. Oastler read us some passages from his famous "Fleet Papers." These were published weekly, while he was a prisoner in the "Fleet," at the price of twopence, and at one time had a circulation of 10,000; but, when he began to write more particularly against Sir Robert Peel, the sale fell off—"They have all changed, sir. I am the only *Tory* left in England!" That night I was again the tenant of the Blue Chamber.

Coming down the next morning for our early breakfast—I should not omit to state that the weather was still magnificent—I found Ned was up before me, and sitting in the garden sketching the ruins of the old castle situate in the adjoining meadow. 'Tis a very picturesque ruin, consisting solely of the keep ; but being in private hands, we contented ourselves with the outside view ; for, as Ned suggested, had we been shown over it, we should have felt it our duty to “remember” our cicerone, which, as the place was a mere shell, would have been so much money thrown away.*

After breakfast, I took a stroll about the town with the “Old King,” and was much pleased with it. It is very pretty, clean, and healthy ; all ups and downs ; romantically situated, and very bustling and lively ; fine churches, and handsome shops. Cobbett says of it—“The town of Guildford (taken with its environs) I, who have seen so many, many towns, think the prettiest ; and, taken altogether,

* Old Camden mentions “the ruinous walls of an *old* castle which has been pretty large.”

the most agreeable and happy looking that I ever saw in my life. Here are hill and dale in endless variety ; here are the chalk and the sand, vying with each other in making beautiful scenes ; here are a navigable river and fine meadows ; here are woods and downs ; here is something of everything but *fat marshes*, and their skeleton-making agues."

On our return we were joined by Ned and "My Uncle," and after a hearty adieu to Miss Tatham, once more set off on our travels, Mr. Oastler and "Carlo" accompanying us as far as Newlands Corner on the Guildford Downs, entertaining us this time with reminiscences of his prison life, and vivid, though saddening, sketches of his fellow-prisoners. At that point the worthy old gentleman bade us farewell, begging us to be assured how delighted he was with our visit, and that it reflected a cheerful light on the evening of an old man's life—

"For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And it makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye !"

Once more thanking him for his generous and "royal" hospitality, we shook hands heartily, raised our hats as he turned to depart, and then plunged down the hill, happier, and I am sure the better for having made his acquaintance. I was especially glad that Ned had seen and known him. I knew he would then appreciate him. He had been apt, as is the case with many, to confound him and Cobbett together; and in denouncing the latter, to include in their censure the "Old King;" whereas, two men of more opposite views never existed: and as circumstances have caused the mention of both of them in this chapter, I may as well conclude it by distinguishing some of their more marked points of difference.

Cobbett was a Radical—an out and out Radical—and a supporter of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill of 1829. Oastler is Tory to the backbone, a Protectionist, and a consistent and indefatigable opponent of Popery. The former would exert his influence to the subversion of monarchy, the overthrow of the church, and the destruction

of an ancient aristocracy, having led the people to believe that in the anarchy and demoralisation that would ensue, they would find their political millennium, and the infallible panacea for all their wrongs ; whilst the latter devotes his talents and energies to upholding and popularising our glorious constitution, making the labouring classes content with their condition, and convincing them that, in rallying round "the altar, the throne, and the cottage," is the only safeguard of their liberties, their privileges, and their homes.

The origin of this confusion of the two arises, I take it, from their both having been such moving spirits with "the people," properly so called. Cobbett's writings are specimens of the tersest Saxon ; and, I believe, one of Oastler's greatest prides is to be said to write like him ; but beyond that wonderful capacity of forming and bending the public mind, the similarity ceases to exist.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALBURY—SHIERE—WOTTON—DORKING AGAIN—GREAT BOOK-
HAM AND ITS CHURCH—"THE SARACEN AND RING"—
A TERRIBLE NIGHT—THE VILLAGE MAID—EPITAPHS—
"THE BEAR" AT ESHER—ONE OF THE SWELL MOB.

FROM Newland's Corner we descended to the valley, chatting pleasantly of the "Old King," all of us in the best of spirits; Mr. Bang being especially delighted with our "little political episode," as he called it, vowing that, as soon as he got back to Islington, he'd get a portrait of the "Old Boy," as he not very loyally styled him, and would read a bit of the history of that exciting period with which he was associated—and other resolves of a kindred and praiseworthy nature. But, alas! the fickleness of human friendship is proverbial; and Mr. Oastler having since, in an unlucky moment, in describing our visit in a little periodical he then conducted, characterised "My Uncle" as a "*retired tradesman*," he having been formerly a partner in a great brew-

ing concern in the West, our insulted relative has indignantly repudiated all knowledge of the "Old Boy;" and whenever politics are mentioned, always, whether appropriately or not, gives his opinion that "one Oastler—did you ever hear of him?—is the greatest incendiary unhung!"

In blissful ignorance, however, of this impending unhappy change, we went merrily on, and in time came to the village of Albury, where is the seat of the eccentric Drummond, M.P. We had lunch at the inn, which has a very curious taproom, the walls being painted in a rough and glaring manner (doubtless the work of some village Rubens who couldn't pay his score) with representations of cricket, racing, wrestling, boxing, and other manly sports. Here we had thought of taking beds, and spending the rest of the day lounging about the surrounding fields and hamlets; but as all their rooms were engaged, we thought Shiere, the next village, would do as well. The parish church is a large building of modern and very ugly style, and built of red brick. In the burying-ground I noted

the following inscription on the tomb of a little child, aged two-and-a-half years :—

“ Oh cruel was the man to plant that tree :
The fruit that grew thereon it was the death of me.
Little children, whoever you be,
Eat not the fruit of the Night-shade tree.
It was sweet unto my taste—
I eat and died—now in the grave I rest.”

A little distance on is Mr. Drummond's church and chapter house—a very handsome edifice ; so much so, that it is called in the Guide Books, “ Albury Cathedral.” Again a little distance, and we reached Shiere ; but, on going to the inn, found the rooms there were all occupied, it being Saturday, when, as they told us, it often happened during the autumn that London gentlemen came down for the Sunday ; and so had to push on for Wotton.

It was now getting late, nigh upon seven ; and “ My Uncle ” was showing symptoms of distress, and we feared, if unsuccessful there, he might get in a temper about it. Ned, I could see, was likewise fidgety : he didn't like the contingency of having to put up finally at Dorking, both because we had

already been there, and because, although a country town, 'twas still a town, and he hated towns. However, when we did reach the place, there were no beds, and, willy nilly, we had to make for Dorking. This was, as I expected, too much for "My Uncle." He had been on his pins since early morning, and he now broke forth with great ire, which rendered him perfectly innocent of any knowledge of the facetiousness of his expressions, but which my enlightened readers will easily detect—"What on earth do you take me for? I won't go another step; it's *sheer* aggravation. I wish you were *all* dead and *buried*!" But when he came round, as, under the genial fire and comfort of "The Red Lion," he speedily did (proving the truth of the old adage, that "he doesn't go out of his way who goes to a good inn"), he laughed long at Ned's rendering of his speech, and admitted his possession of natural materials, which, if properly cultivated, would make him a first-rate wit.

At Wotton, Mr. Evelyn, a descendant of the great Evelyn, of the "Diary" celebrity, has a fine old

mansion, "standing," as old Camden has it, "among several streams gliding through the meadows, adorned with gentle risings and woods, which, as it were, encompass it," which it was too dark for us to appreciate ; a remark which must also apply to an ancient house called "Milton Court," nigh to Dorking.

The next day was Sunday ; and breakfast over, we shouldered our knapsacks, and set out across the fields to Great Bookham, all on "a summer morning before the bells did ring," passing through the grounds of the Denbies belonging to Mr. Cubitt the builder ; thence through Ranmer Common, and by Polesden, the seat of Sir Walter Farquhar, the apostle of temperance, but formerly the residence of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the—the reverse. We put up at "The Saracen and Ring ;" and after an early and excellent dinner, accompanied by some wonderfully strong ale, which Mr. Bang declared ought to be drank in wine-glasses, and which had the effect of making that gentleman particularly sleepy, went to church, where we had a very sound sermon ; and, if it's not profane to

say so, saw a remarkably pretty girl in an adjacent pew. I trust there is no unpardonable sin in occasionally having

“Some fair spirit for one’s minister,”

or, with our prayer-books in our hands, fixing our eyes on some “thing of beauty who is a joy for ever,” as “the saint of our deepest devotion,”—because if so, dear reader, your humble servant is in very evil case ! The church is a very nice building, and has some very old monuments and inscriptions. In the chancel is one to the memory of its founder, in old English, which was discovered only a few years ago, covered with the eternal whitewash : it bears the date 1340. There is also one of the earliest tombs of the Effinghams, Dukes of Norfolk, and a quaint old epitaph, on a brass plate, recounting the lineage and virtues of one “John Slyfleete,” “who was a stout squire, and had the feare of God before his eyes,” and had departed this transitory life A.D. fifteen hundred and something.

We then strolled to Effingham, as uninteresting, dirty, and disagreeable a place as I should have

thought one could care to see ; but my companions perversely thought otherwise (Ned asserting that the recollection of the pretty girl prevented my appreciating its beauties), and loitered in the churchyard for the best part of an hour, listening to the dying echoes of the not very melodious voices of a select assembly of devout Baptists in a neighbouring cottage. We returned home through Little Bookham, which is a shade better ; but as the shades of dewy eve were fast closing o'er the scene, I do not wish to be considered as speaking with any certainty. Soon after tea, Mr. Bang, weary and wayworn, betook himself to roost ; and Ned—there not being room for him—went to the other inn (“The Crown”), while I sat up for some time conversing with our host—a fine, handsome man, who, it would seem, has travelled over the greater part of England, and certainly has picked up a great deal of information of one kind or another. Being rather curious about the signification of his sign, I applied for its elucidation, and was told as follows :—During the great war of the Crusaders, a

pugnacious ancestor of the present Marquis of Downe (who has a large property hereabouts), after a deadly contest with a Saracenic chief, succeeded in cleaving his adversary's skull, and becoming possessed of a ring of great price among other jewels on the person of the slain, was permitted to adopt as his crest, a "Saracen and Ring,"—which our host, as a small tribute of respect to "the family," selected as the sign of his house.*

I was never more surprised at finding myself "never better in my life" than I was the next morning, for a more uncomfortable night I had never spent. I did not retire till late ; and having put out my candle and got into bed, in a few mo-

* Genealogical Burke is here at issue with mine host. This is his account:—"Sir Wm. Dawney was made a general in the fourth of Richard I., at Acon, where, having slain a Saracen prince, and afterwards killing a lion, he cut off the paw and presented it to the king, who immediately, in token of approbation, took the ring off his finger, and presenting it to Dawney, ordered, that to perpetuate the event, he should bear as a crest a demi Saracen, with a lion's paw in one hand and a ring in the other ; and this ring," he adds, "still remains in the possession of the family."

ments found myself the victim of a misplaced confidence in a sleepy, fat, no-waist-in-particular specimen of the maid of all work, to whom, on entering the house, I had imparted my abomination of a feather-bed, and decided partiality for a mattress; and thinking, of course, that she fully understood what was wanted, and dinner being waiting for me, did not enter into details. Imagine, then, my amazement and indignation on the discovery that over a mattress, which felt uncommonly like a plaster-of-Paris model of some remarkably hilly country, was simply spread a sheet, of threadbare texture; no blanket or anything between them. The next moment, on stretching myself out, I found the hilly country abruptly terminated in a deep valley: in other words, that my mattress was afflicted with a weakness in the extremities, in consequence of which my feet were touching the ground. Suddenly, in my rage and confusion, I imbibed the idea—just or not—that the sheets were damp. I felt the counterpane! There was no doubt—it was as moist as could be! I had like-

wise piled over me an immensity of blanket. I became hot and excited. Something stung my leg! I jumped up—groped for lucifers—upset the candlestick and water-jug; and couldn't find them. I was frantic, and nearly beside myself. All at once I recollected there was an easy chair near the bed. I pulled off a blanket, wrapped myself in it, threw myself into the chair, and, after a quarter of an hour of intense misery, fell asleep, and didn't wake till the fat maid came to call me in the morning; when I sprang up, and the blanket falling off, and exhibiting me in a very negligée and anything but delicate attire, she decamped with wonderful celerity; and no amount of calling—though I did till I was hoarse,—or of ringing—which I persisted in till the rope came off—would induce her to show herself again in the neighbourhood of my apartment; and so, it being six o'clock, and nobody else up, I was forced to find my way to the yard, and myself replenish, at a most stubborn and imperturbable pump, my unlucky water-jug. All things considered, I therefore repeat my surprise at having

found myself, on the whole, none the worse for it; in fact, in some respects, the better—for I ate a tremendous breakfast—but it is certainly not a tonic I can conscientiously recommend! Breakfast despatched, “My Uncle” pottered about; Ned examined his accounts and the state of the exchequer; while I composed myself to the study of Saturday’s *Times*; for the Great Bookham people, having an enlightened contempt for your pitiful gossips who indulge in “news much older than their ale,” to their undying honour, subscribe for a daily *Times*, which some “village statesman” reads aloud of an evening.

At eleven we repaired to a field in the rear of the premises, where the rival clubs of Great Bookham and Cobham were to measure their skill in the manly game of cricket. They were at it all day, as we heard; but the playing was very unequal, and Great Bookham came off the winner by a large score, chiefly owing to the excellent play of two gentlemen from Burford Bridge—not to mention that of our host, who is celebrated in the annals of

the pastime. There was a little girl in the field all day—of tender years, but very precocious: she took a fancy for me, and we chatted away like old friends under a shady tree. I learned she was a “native,” and worked at dressmaking every day, from eight in the morning till eight in the evening, with “two old maids;” but that on this festive occasion she had obtained a holiday. She was very wide awake, and made many cutting allusions on the players and company generally.

“Do you see that man with the red braces and white cord trowsers? What do you think we call him?”

That was more than I could say.

“Why, we call him ‘Cockalorum,’ to be sure.”

“And why so?”

“Because he’s so cheeky; and I don’t know how many ladies he hasn’t walked out!”

I told her I thought he’d better be a quiet fellow, like myself.

“Oh!” says she, “I dare say you’re not so quiet, if the truth were known. Your friend in

the short breeches there is a much quieter chap, I'll be bound."

And on this little thing—and she was pretty too, and of course knew it—went talking away of everything and everybody without restraint, and was only just turned twelve! In a year or two she'll be a tremendous flirt, and, if she keeps her good looks, will turn the heads of all the young farmers and cricketers around. And then I think I shall run down to taste that glorious ale again, and get mine host to repeat the wonderful legend of "The Saracen and Ring." (Oh, of course!)

At half-past two we were once more footing it, and this time to

"Claremont's terraced height and Esher's groves," passing through the villages of Fetcham, Stoke, and Oxshott, and over Esher Common. I remember somewhere not far from Bookham there was an awful wooded common, abounding in concentric meetings of innumerable roads, after the pattern of the "Seven Dials," and totally destitute of finger-posts, where we spent an *agreeable* hour ("My

Uncle" *vehementer dissentiente*) in perpetually losing ourselves. In Fetcham churchyard—the church is a plain building, but the tower being covered with ivy, makes it somewhat picturesque—I copied the following inscription:—

“Th’ Almighty from his throne on earth surveys
 Nought greater than an honest, humble heart :
 An humble heart, His residence pronounced—
 His second seat and rival to the skies.
 The private paths, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, are the noblest of our lives.”

Old Izaak Walton gave expression to the same thought, when he said, “It seems to me that God has two homes—one in heaven, and the other in a good and thankful heart, which may God grant to me and my honest scholar.” At Stoke is the following, which I noted for its ambiguity of expression : it bears date 1810 :—

“With God together did us guide,
 Tho’ we are parted in our prime :
 I hope in heaven wee shall meet
 To enjoy our souls in Saviour sweet.”

Stoke is a very pretty village, and the walk thence to Esher across the extensive and gorse-

covered common, and passing the Royal Palace of Claremont with its beautifully undulating and wooded park, delightful. The first animated being we encountered was a majestic and venerable raven, which immediately turned back and preceded us to "The Brown Bear," drawing innumerable *corks* by the way, as though possessed of instinctive knowledge of what our thirsty throats were panting for.

"The Brown Bear" is a capital inn, prettily situated, pretty in itself, and pretty extensive; and the raven's leading us there was a triumph of animal sagacity over human reason, for Ned had strenuously recommended us to patronise "The White Lion," where he had once slept for a week, but which is little better than a pot-house, and, though kept by respectable people, is far from pleasant or inviting. Its charm in Ned's eyes was, of course, its cheapness; but Mr. Bang declaring it was "cheap and nasty," he was overruled.

The favourable impression we conceived of "The Bear" has since been several times confirmed, as Ned and I and a party of friends annually make it

a half-way house to "the Derby." Our plan is for some of us to go down the evening before, and sleep there, have a game of quoits, and a ramble on the common, and wind up with vint-un and a glass of grog; the rest come down by the first train to breakfast, when we fill the large room, and have what Ned calls a superb meal; after which we sally forth *en masse*, and walk across country to the Downs; walk about the course; see the races and all the fun; walk home again; a heavy tea; more vint-un; and back to town and "busy life again" the next morning. That's the way to do it. Reader, try it: we shall be happy to see you next year, if there's room. But everything has its drawback, and "The Bear" is no exception. The Bear himself—I mean the landlord—is a remarkably obtuse, obstinate, and obsolete animal; yet withal obliging enough in his way; a man of few words, and those curt ones; who, as far as my observation extends, never goes out of ear-shot of his premises, and always has a spud in his hand—I believe he goes to bed with it. His wife is likewise of an austere

and say-nothing-to-me temperament ; but, worst of all, is a bustling little body—a sort of upper house-keeper—who was always telling me I mustn't do this or that, and must do t'other. She has also peculiar notions as to the hours of a gentleman's retiring for the night, and I don't believe any consideration would induce her to let any one in after a quarter past ten. I well remember one night, when, having been spending the evening with a friend, who was lodging in the village, I didn't return till nigh upon twelve : after knocking at the door for a quarter of an hour, the chain was let down, and the little woman, in dressing-gown and curl papers, and a tremendous rage, backed up by an ancient maid (there's no " girls " there, not they), with a diminutive remnant of candle, was down upon me directly.

" Oh ! you bad man ; where have you been ? You've frighten'd us to death ; we've sent for you three times ; we've never had such a lodger, and we'll never have you again ! Hot water ! no, you can't have any hot water ; the fire's been out long

ago ; and that's all the candle you'll have—and mind you put it outside the door before you get into bed ; we shall be having the house burnt down, or something. No ! I won't say good night—be off with you !”

But she “means well,” and as I never lose my temper, it's all serene again before long.

Well, as I was saying, we arrived at “The Brown Bear,” and disencumbering ourselves of our knapsacks, having ordered the best the larder contained for eight o'clock, and Ned having fortified himself with a dozen or so of greengages, we proceeded to the “West end,”—a most marshy, stinking, and choleraic locality, compelling me to be continually sniffing at my camphor, and, doubtless, impressing the inhabitants with the notion that I was a gentleman with a disease in my nose, who was taking precautions to prevent the loss of that member—the losing of which, as Lord Chesterfield told his son, had nothing of the romantic in it—to get a view of the house where the terrible murder had been committed a few months previously. Our

morbid curiosity was fully gratified, and we were returning amid "the odour and harmony of eve," when there appeared approaching us in the distance what seemed to be a "fashionable old buck," who, on a nearer approach, proved to be a fine, tall, portly man of about fifty, beautifully attired in blue trowsers, patent boots, blue coat with brass buttons, white waistcoat, white tie, nobby hat and umbrella, and *shirt with a frill*. Seeing all this in a second with our wonted minuteness of observation, we prepared ourselves to make a passing comment on the weather, and to wish the elegant stranger a "*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" when we were considerably startled by his inquiring whether we could "give a poor man a penny;" and on stating our readiness and ability to assist suffering humanity to that amount, provided a deserving applicant were to produce himself, by his avowing with the greatest coolness that *he* was the deserving party in question. Not being able "to see that" satisfactorily, we announced the intention of self and coin to be longer acquainted, and passed on,

leaving our begging Brummel swearing most inelegantly.

On inquiry, we learnt that Esher was generally infested by tramps and thieves, it being just without the limits of some Vagrant Act; and that, lying moreover on the high-road to Portsmouth, the discharged prisoners from the gaol at Kingston always made it their first headquarters, and regularly begged it through, to get their hand in again.

Charming place as Esher undeniably is, I don't think, if I had a family of young children extensively got up, and a grand collection of family and modern plate, I should like to rent a mansion in that neighbourhood.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR LAST EVENING—"MY UNCLE'S" OBSERVATIONS—NED'S
GRAND SPEECH—TYE'S ADDRESS—FAREWELL.

AND now, this being our last evening, it behoved us to render it a fitting termination to our pleasant fortnight's ramble. Having loitered about the precincts of "The Bear" till the last rays of the setting sun had bade us good night and gone on their way, we adjourned to a comfortable little room, where we had ordered a fire, an inviting compound of tea and supper, and other mixtures, very pleasant to be taken. "The Bear's" fare had been discussed with our usual voracity and sociability, when a loud rapping on the table, and cries of "hear, hear!" from Ned, and "Come, sirs, come!" from "My Uncle," warned me that our relative was on his legs, desirous of making a few valedictory observations.

"Come, sirs, come! I—I—come, sirs, come!

—unaccustomed as I am to public speaking—I can't allow our trip to come to an end without expressing my—ha—hum—my—without—I mean—come, sirs, come ! none of that—without saying that I—don't think I ever enjoyed myself more, on the whole—on the whole,—you know ; because I don't mind confessing that now and then, when troubles and annoyances—troubles and annoy——” (“Fell thick upon me,” suggested Ned.) “Thankee, my boy—a friend in need is a friend indeed. I'll do as much for you another time—when troubles and annoyances fell thick upon me, I did get my monkey up a bit ; and there's no knowing what might have happened if he'd been thoroughly roused. But, however, all's well that ends well ; and for that and all other mercies let us be thankful. Come, sirs, come ! For my part, I don't think travelling's any fun without a bit of a breeze now and then. I don't pretend to be such a classic as my nephew ; there ; but I still know a phrase or two of the old grammar, by Jove ! which was knocked into me so precious hard, that I don't believe all of it will ever find its

way out again, by Jove! Well, the old book says,

‘*Amantium ira amoris integratio est.*’

(Loud cries of hear, hear! and bravo!) Come sirs, come! I will say—though I hope the hinges of friendship may never rust—that I respect the man who has the spirit to resent a wrong, and the heart to forgive it! Give us your hands, my lads. Come, sirs, come! Another remark I wish to make about travelling is, that a man knows his companions in a long journey and a small inn; and though people say that two’s company and three’s none, I can tell them that *good* companions make good company. And again, I want to say that travelling makes us acquainted with *strange* bed-fellows. I’ve no wish to be personal; but I abominate tea-dealers, and hate grocers—out of their shops. I don’t think anything could be *grosser*—(Fie! fie!)—than the insults I’ve had to put up with during our progress; but I trust I maintained my dignity, and that I have the gratitude to remember my pleasures, and the sense to forget my disappointments. (Bravo!) And now we’re

about to break up; and I hope the first evening you can you'll come up to my little box, and talk over the jolly time we've had. Come, sirs, come! And I hope there may be a good time coming for you in your profession, my lads; and that depressed merit may soon be exalted. And I will conclude with a toast that I'm sure even Ned will drink in a bumper—‘Friendly may we part, and quickly meet again!’ Come, sirs, come! Come, sirs, come!”

Loud applause and a fresh shaking of hands greeted “My Uncle” on resuming his seat; and then Ned arose, and delivered himself of an elaborate and carefully prepared address. Not being a shorthand writer, I fear my report will not do him justice; but, as far as I can recollect, he spoke in this fashion:—

“My friend and kinsman,—Our last day's stage is reached; the sun is set on our last evening ramble; and our pleasant saunter's over!

‘While allured
From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,
We have pursued . . . a long
And pleasant course.’

But it is over ; and in another four-and-twenty hours 'My Uncle' will be in Exeter Hall, listening to the Reverend Jonas M'Growl; Tye will have forgotten all this pure and happy time, in the absorbing interest of a new and undying attachment to some thing in petticoats ; and I alone, faithful among the faithless, shall sit and muse of thee, O Surrey !—thy lanes, thy fields, thy hamlets, and thy hills ! Long, long be my heart with thy memories filled ! When trudging on my daily pilgrimage to the Temple—when roaming amid the bolder and more striking scenery of Wales or Scotland—when gazing on the grand and awful wonders of foreign lands—my heart shall beat true to thee ! I will think of Mickleham, amid the Tors of Derbyshire—of the Valley of the Wey, in the Vale of Tempe—and of Leith Hill, upon the Alps ! (Enthusiastic applause.) Fifteen peaceful days have we been afoot, my friends—

“and what should hap in these
But things of common life ?”

I love the even tenor of country ways ; and I

should never have come here, like 'My Uncle,' for incidents and episodes ; or, like Tye, for pretty girls or flirtations. The face of nature has charms enough for me ; and Surrey is so full of beauty—quiet, homely beauty—that I should have hoped 'twould have been enough for you too. I know no county so abundant in bye-roads and footpaths, and pleasant bridleways, that lead to places never dreamt of by the roadster, and taking you through an infinite variety of scenery which would otherwise exist in vain—lonely hamlets, and farmhouses, and cottages in little orchards ; over softly swelling hills, and through thick, extensive woods, and now and then a bit of wild heath, whence you plunge again into woods and lanes. The one thing wanting to make it perfect in its beauty is water ("Hear, hear !" from Mr. Bang). Truly can I sympathise with 'My Uncle.' Often have I thought how the singing of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, and the rustling of the leaves, would have been enhanced by the sound of 'some rejoicing stream ;' but Surrey has no sea, or river of size, for the Thames, though it

touches it, cannot be said to belong to it; and the Wey and the Mole, pretty though they be, are very insignificant, and the latter, as we have seen, is in some parts of its channel utterly dry——”

“You’ll pardon me,” here interposed “My Uncle,” “but if your yarn’s going on much longer, you’ll be *utterly dry* yourself; so take the advice of an old fellow, and a glass of grog to wet your whistle.”

“I’d rather not,” said Ned: “a glass ——”

“Confound it, my boy, if you’ve any scruples to the dram, do as the maids do, say ‘No,’ and take it!”

“You’ll excuse me, but I prefer water; and may so pure a beverage be always at hand. But to resume: Another great boon which Surrey pre-eminently possesses, is good, clean, cheap, little way-side inns. (Indignant cries from “My Uncle” of “Shiere!” “Wotton!”) Well, our misfortune there was an unavoidable contingency; and I should have thought ‘My Uncle’ would have called it an episode. But *there were* the inns; and considering it was harvest time, with those

two exceptions, we never found a village with an inn too small or mean to make us happy—to give us two or three bedrooms, clean sheets, plenty of good bread and butter, bacon and eggs, and thick, luscious cream ; and—what I did wonder a little at—a good cup of tea and coffee. Who can wish for a better and more comfortable little inn than ‘The Beehive,’ at Boxhill, with its three good bedrooms, and two cheerful sitting-rooms, and garden, fragrant with many a large, rich rose ; and where a maiden waits on you instead of a man ?—(“Hear, hear !” from Mr. Bang.)—‘Mary,’ instead of ‘Waiter !’ (“Hear, hear !”) You recollect the more romantic ‘Hare and Hounds’ close by, acknowledged to be such by many a happy couple. I wouldn’t breathe a word against it ; but its prices are at least sixpence a meal and a bed higher than at the other, than which they couldn’t be better ! Time would fail me to sing the praises of the pretty, modest inns at Ockley, at Cranley, at Hascombe, or the gigantic ‘Anchor’ at Liphook—(a sigh for “Mary” from self and uncle)—where you’re lost in

galleries ere your room be won. Then, again, of ‘The Duke’s Head,’ at Brockham Green (what duke I know not, saving that, though we never halted there, I’m sure, by the look of it, it couldn’t have been Duke Humphrey!), ‘The Saracen and Ring,’ and last—but oh! not least!—‘The Queen’s Arms,’ at Selborne, with its excellent roast fowls, its hearty, cheery landlord, and charming up-stairs sitting-room; with its copy of Bennet’s edition of ‘The Book,’ and a lovely view from the window down towards the Priory Farm. I am afraid I am getting wearisome. (“No, no!”) But I wished, while the subject was still fresh, to revive your languishing recollections, and, I fear me, town-hankering minds.

“And now for a word or two about the villages themselves. The villages of Surrey, and, I may add, of Sussex and Kent—for of those counties I know most—are altogether different from those in the north—in Northumberland, Durham, and Derbyshire, for example. In the latter they are little towns, a long street of little houses, mostly of bare

stone, and joining one to another, flush upon the street, without any court, and too often with dirt in front, instead of a garden. But all the Surrey villages—I cannot think of one exception—are ‘scattered.’ They consist of cottages, pure and simple; and, generally, each stands in a little garden, with its necessary patch of vegetables, set off by its hollyhocks, roses, and pinks; with the walls often overgrown with creepers—often with a fine old grape-vine. Sometimes they stand about and near a green, with the church at one corner, and a pond or well at the other, and are often mixed up with other and better dwellings—farm-houses in their yards, and the village shop—and then, in a conspicuous spot, the inn. And finally—for I’m sure you’re tired now, and I’ve detected ‘My Uncle’ gaping once or twice—the Surrey *churches* are, for the most part, very old, and very well worth seeing. A pedestrian will never do wrong to go a little out of his way whenever he sees a cross in his Ordnance map. He will generally find an old church, with, it is true, too much patchwork without and too

much whitewash within ; a ‘grand’ monument or two, and a little ivy-covered porch, or bench under the wall, to rest him withal ; some old tombstones, and some crumbling wooden grave-marks ; with often a quaint verse, and very often a yew-tree that is of date with the church. Who need wish to see older yews than those in Hambledon churchyard, or at Selborne?—though that last is in Hampshire. And now I have done. But I would not forget our charming stay at Guildford, where we were the subjects of Mr. Richard Oastler’s most hearty hospitality. The pleasant walks and talks we had with that venerable politician, ‘chattering together,’ as he himself expressed it, ‘not like *new*, but as *old* friends chatter,’ will never fade from my mind. I repeat, I have done ; and, as I suppose I must conclude with a sentiment, I will give you,—

“ ‘The sweet contentment the countryman doth find.’ ”

“My friends,” said I, as soon as the exhausted orator had received the congratulations of his companions, and had refreshed himself with a pint of

Adam's ale, "I feel it incumbent upon me, after the two addresses we have listened to with so much pleasure, to offer a few remarks, partly controversial, but generally 'in a similar strain.' In the first place, I very strongly object to the Chancellor's expression, 'a thing in petticoats : ' a pretty girl is not a thing, but a person. I'm sorry he should have read Blackstone to so little purpose ; and I object entirely to the *animus* that inspired him in its utterance. I like the country for the country's sake to the full as much as he does, but I don't see why I shouldn't like a pretty girl too, and why her graces and beauty shouldn't enhance the charms of the former. I think a 'rustic cottage gate' is very pretty, but how much more so if 'over it a maiden leans : ' no doubt 'comin' thro' the rye,' and 'fra the well,' are very pleasant in themselves ; but how much pleasanter if accompanied by the soft interchanges of ardent affection which 'a body needn't tell !' Why, all those old singers of rural pleasures whom Ned professes so highly to reverence, would have been as dumb as stones but for the influence of

lovely woman. 'When did they ever address a flower, a wood, a stream, or a season, but because of its connection with their Phillises and Daphnes?—and if you only modernise the ladies' names, it holds true still. And although, as you know, I'm very anxious to settle in life, yet till that desirable consummation, I hope my friend won't be very shocked at the intimation of my intention of taking my fill of pleasure whenever I can get it—in the town or in the country, in the populous cities or in the 'untrodden ways;' and of my hearty adherence to the sentiment of Moore, that

'Tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
We are doomed to find some one still that is dear,
And to know that, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.'

I needn't say, of course, that when any young lady of sufficient personal (and *pursenal*!) attractions gives me due encouragement, I shall relinquish this agreeable pastime, and reserve my embraces for her lovely self, or photograph. But, till then, *mon-seigneur s'amuse!*"

("Bravo!" from "My Uncle;" and "Glad to hear it, but don't believe it," from Ned.)

Having somewhat relieved my mind by this championship of the fair sex, and my throat by the application of Mr. Pickwick's favourite mixture, I proceeded:—

"Well, as Ned and 'My Uncle' have originally and startlingly observed, 'our journey's o'er,' and I'm very sorry for it; but all good things have an end, and dearest friends must part;—our knapsacks will slumber in the lumber-room, and friend Ned's old suit will retire into its fitting obscurity until the sweet, happy summer returns again, and his ill-judging attentions shall once more flaunt it in the light of day;—the blue cap will grace the head of my gardener's boy, and 'Mary's' doubtful though useful compounds yield precedence to the oil of Macassar or the bear's grease of Atkinson! I really don't know what else I have to say. We've had a jolly time of it, and, like the longest lane we've loitered in, it's come to an end. It's very distressing, no doubt, but I hope we shall survive it.

And so I will shut up with a toast, of the rapturous acceptance of which I have no manner of doubt,—
‘Our absent friends and favourite girl!’”

(Drunk with enthusiasm.)

Ned then moved that “My Uncle” and I audit his accounts, which we cheerfully undertook; and, at its conclusion, cheerfully divided amongst us the sum of nine shillings and sevenpence halfpenny, which remained to us out of the £15, after fifteen days of as pleasant travel as many persons haven’t had for treble the money.

I then proposed that I read my “Journal,” producing at the same time a voluminous document, which frightened Mr. Bang out of his wits, who, declaring he was sleepy enough already, betook himself to bed. And so we, too, to roost; and the next morning, after an early breakfast, to Babylon and law, men-waiters and chimney pots!

THE END.

TO
“ T Y E ; ”

ON THE CONCLUSION OF HIS “ SAUNTER THROUGH SURREY.”

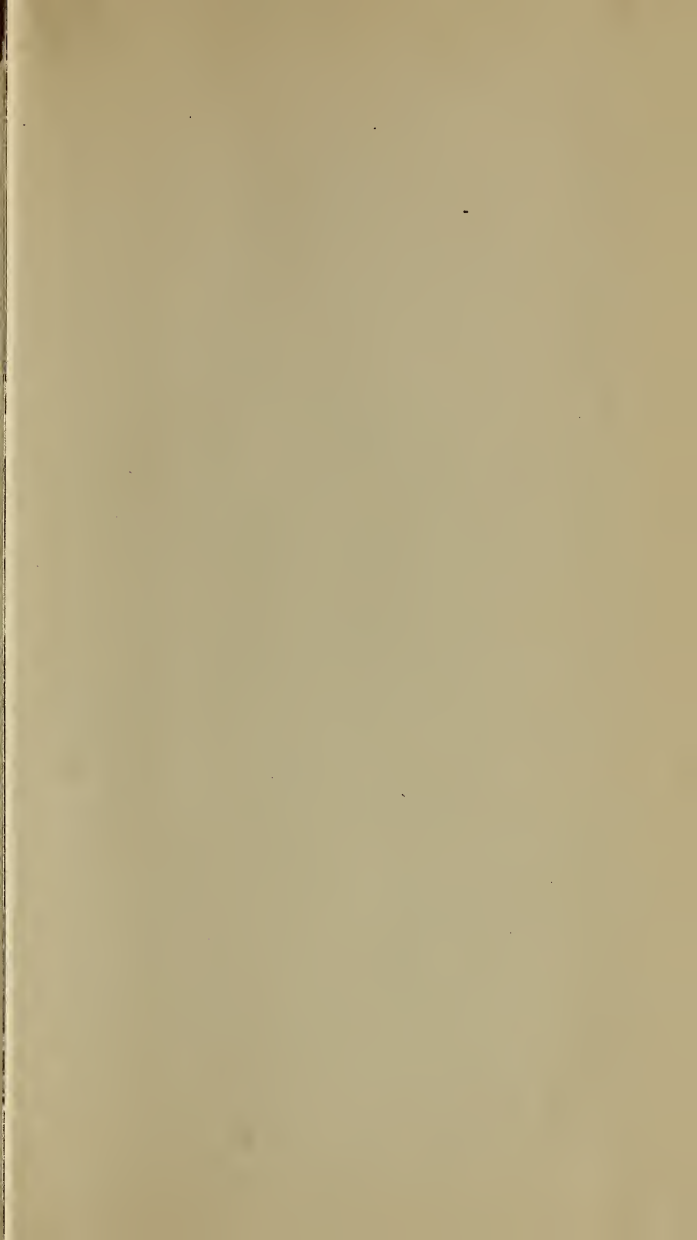
WELL, friend, your pen is still, your task is o'er,
And we are sitting now beside the fire,
Here, in the quiet Temple. Yet once more
Lean back in the big chair. I never tire
To think upon the time we spent together—
To saunter once again from stage to stage
Through the fair scenes we knew in that fair weather—
All chronicled in your most merry page.
Those pleasant, pleasant days ! when but to be
In the free air, beneath the open sky,
With hill and wood and field for company,
Was happiness enough for us. Ah, Tye !
As I sat by the fire and thought upon it,
It all came back again ; and so I wrote this sonnet.

NED.

234569 485
20pc
6123c
83

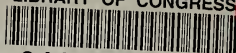
TOPOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

Albury, 201	Godalming, 193
Alton, 148	Greatham, 105
Bentley, 160	Guildford, 178, 196
Betchworth, 37	Hambledon, 66
Bookham (Great), 204	Hascombe, 65
Bookham (Little), 206	Haslemere, 77
Bourne (The), 128	Hind Head, 77
Bourne, 175	Hog's Back (The), 175
Boxhill, 21, 36	Holmesdale, 50
Bramshott, 86	Leatherhead, 19
Brockham, 37	Leith Hill, 47
Brook-street, 73	Liphook, 86
Catherine's Hill (St.), 189	Lowesley, 192
Clapham, 16	Martha's Hill (St.), 181
Claremont, 214	Mickleham, 31
Cold Harbour, 45	Mole (The), 35
Cranley, 62	Newland's Corner, 197
Denbies, 35, 38	Norbury, 31
Devil's Punchbowl, 70, 75	Ockley, 52
Dorking, 44, 203	Ranmer Common, 204
Effingham, 205	Selborne, 110
Empshott, 105	Shiere, 202
Epsom, 18	Shottermill, 85
Esher, 214	Stoke, 212
Ewell, 16	Westhumble, 31
Ewhurst, 61	Whitley, 66
Farnham, 164, 174	Woolmer, 100
Fetcham, 212	Wotton, 203





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 019 826 160 9